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EDICATION

OF

VIDENCE:

OR, A

ESTIMATE.

OF

AN LIFE.

IN WHICH

is considered in a New Light.

GEORGE'S Church near *Hanover*
after the late *King's* Death.

OUNG, LL.D.

in *Hertfordshire*, and Chaplain
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M.DCC.XXXVII

[Price One Shilling]

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THE PREFACE.

particular Favour of a celebrated Queen, who wept for the Death of the Author of that Piece, though she had never seen the Man.

BUT He had a wrong Byass on him through the Whole to the Prejudice of it; Nor could I reap any Advantage from Him beside that of having such an Example of Industry, and Discernment; of which, what use I have made I do not Hope, but Fear the Reader will too easily perceive. That Author indeed displays the Passions at large, and pursues them into all their several Branches, whereas I could find Room for the Primary, or Radical Passions only, at present; but they may, one Day shoot, under Her Majesty's benign Influence, (who like the Queen above-mentioned, is the greatest Encourager of Arts) and give that one Tree of Human Knowledge its entire Growth.

BUT as Imperfect as the Discourse now is, (of which I am very sensible) I persuade my self the Reader will find an Uncommon Variety in it; And that the Observations, which are by no Means drawn from Books, but the Life, are so far Just, that anyone who is at the Pains of looking on them, may possibly find Truths which his own Experience can attest, and thus be a Witness, as well as a Judge of what is Here written: He may find some Traces, some Features of his own Condition, as the Trojan met his own Picture on a Foreign Shore. I wish, (a rare Wish in a Writer) that I could be refuted in what is Here advanc'd, for some of the Truths are very melancholy. I hope the Great Length will be excus'd, since the Nature of the Subject might easily have betray'd me into a much greater Transgression against the Common Limits of This kind of Writing.

IF this Piece in any tolerable Degree answer its Title, a Perusal will not be thrown away upon it. For I look on it as one of the Desiderata in Literature, and that of the nearest, and most General Concern to Man.



COLLOSS. iii. 2.

*Set your Affections on Things
above, and not on Things on
the Earth.*



WE by no Means question, but that the Birth, and Life, and Death, and Resurrection of our Lord, were Acts of infinite Merit; Merit sufficient to satisfy God's Justice, and bring Sinners to the Terms of Reconciliation, and Salvation: But we must not imagine that they wrought any Change, or Confusion in the Nature of Things. God is as pure as ever, and Iniquity is as much his Aversion: Though he can be reconciled to *Sinners*, he cannot be reconciled to *Sin*; and tho' the Sinner may be saved, he cannot be *saved* unless he, first, be *changed*; for Heaven has no more Admittance for Corruption, than it had before. And therefore the unchangeable Holiness of God requires, that, notwithstanding all our Lord has done to save us, we should still *work out our own Salvation*, by a Conformity to his *Example*, as well as a Dependence on his *Merit*: nor,
most

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most impiously, make his Merit an Encouragement of Sin.

F O R this Reason, the Christian is called on to be born, to live, to die, and to rise again, in a *Moral* Sense; for in the *Natural*, all these Acts are Acts of Necessity. These Expressions import so many several Stages in the Christian Course.

B Y *Nature* we are born of Flesh and Blood, which gives us a Constitution fond of what is *present*, and careless of what is *future*; And therefore to secure the future, we are told, that the Spirit of God is a new Principle of Life, which, when received into the Soul, will impress on it new Thoughts, new Aims, and new Desires; and to receive this Principle, and these Impressions, is the Christian *Birth*.

B Y *Nature* we live a Life of Sense and Self-will, which is destructive of our eternal Interest; and therefore we are enjoined to take the Will of Christ for our Rule, and his Practice for our Example; and this is the Christian *Life*.

B Y *Nature* we die thro' a Separation of Soul and Body; but this Separation makes it well with none, with whom it was not well before; and therefore we are enjoined to die to Sin; and this is the Christian *Death*.

B Y *Nature* (or by God's Appointment in Nature) we are to rise again, whether we will, or no; but nothing that is of pure Force can produce an Effect to any one's spiritual Advantage; and therefore are we to rise by Choice; that is, *by setting our Affections on Things above*; and this is the Christian *Resurrection*; the Perfection of the Christian State, and that which the Text particularly calls for. I

I SHALL begin with explaining the Words. The first Word in the original Text contains the whole Act of our Duty : We translate it, *set your Affections* ; but more is implied in it. We cannot *love* any Thing without *judging* of its Worth ; or can we *judge* of the Worth of any Thing, without taking it into our *Thoughts* ; and the Word signifies each of these Acts, to * *think*, to † *judge*, and to || *love*. Thus the whole Signification of the Word not only teaches us the whole *Act* of our Duty, but likewise the *Method* necessary for the Practice of it ; *think*, *judge*, and then *love*.

THE next Words are *Things above* : Shewing the Object of our Duty. Now Things above, in the Style of Scripture, signifies the Things of *Grace*, and the Things of *Glory*. The Things of *Grace*, are Holiness, Justice, Temperance, Charity, and all other Christian Virtues. Prov. xv. 24. *The Way of Life is above to the Wise, that he may depart from Hell beneath* ; that is, every wise Man will be religious ; for this is the Way above, that upper, exalted Way that leads to Life : But Sin is the low, and ignominious Way ; so low, that there is nothing beneath it but Hell, to which it leads.

SECONDLY, by Things above, are meant the Things of *Glory* ; as the beatifick Vision of God, the Presence of Christ, the Conversation of Angels, the Fellowship of Saints ; Bodies glorified, Souls ennobled, Faculties enlarged, and entertained with transporting Objects, and replenished with un-mixed Joys ! All these Things are meant by Things above ; And one would imagine that an Injunction could not be ungrateful, to *set our Affections on Things* like these.

AND

* Rom. xii.

† Rom. xiv. 6,

|| In the Text.

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AND yet it is ungrateful to most of us ; and that for this Reason, because there are Things on the Earth too, Things contrary in their *Nature*, and inconsistent in their *Choice*, with the Things now mentioned : Pleasant Things, and such whole Pleasures are present, and palpable, and always at hand : Pleasures of Appetite and Sense, those winning Masters, under whose Dominion we spend the first of our Years for *want* of Reason, and (too often) the rest, in *spite* of it : Pleasures, that thro' their Number, and Opportunity, and Prepossession, and Custom, get such a fatal Ascendant, that unless we are always on our Guard against them, our Love of *Things above* will either never spring, or (what is all one) never come to Maturity. And this is the Reason of that Caution superadded in the last Words of the Text, *not on Things on the Earth.*

HAVING thus explained the Words, I proceed to shew the particular Method of practising the Duty contained in them ; which consists (as I have already intimated) in those three Acts ; First, Thinking of ; Secondly, Judging ; Thirdly, Loving the *Things above.*

TO *think* of them is the beginning of our Duty. Nothing can Act on the Soul but by the Mediation of Thought ; that which we think not of, moves us no more than that which is not : And therefore it is not so much the Beauty, or Excellency, or Gratefulness, or Fitness of an Object, as Thought that makes us love. The Object brings in the Matter, but Thought gives the Form to the Passion, and if we think not of a Thing, it is impossible we should love it, be it never so lovely.

IF

IF therefore we would work ourselves to a proper Zeal for *Things above*, it is necessary that we should allow ourselves stated Seasons of thinking on them: We must call them into our Mind, and make them the Matter of our serious Contemplation, and then the most desirable Things will certainly move in us a suitable Desire.

NOR is it strange that Thought should be necessary to give us an *Affection* for Things *Spiritual* and *remote*, when it is necessary to give us a *Perception* of Things *sensible*, and *at hand*. The Eye may be open on an Object which it does not see; and the Ear struck with Sounds which it does not hear, if Thought is intensely engaged another Way. But small Attention, indeed, is necessary to give Things sensible, and present their full Force on us. And this is the Reason of that Advantage which earthly Things have on our Choice, above heavenly: They are immediate; their *Presence* is their *Power*. But religious *Thought*, and that only, can rob them of this fatal Advantage; which is a strong Argument for the Practice of this Duty: Thought can make absent Things present, take away the Distance between Earth and Heaven, and make an eternal Good, though future, a better Entertainment, and fuller Satisfaction to the Mind, than all the Pleasures of Sin, tho' at hand.

I CONFESS, indeed, since Heaven forces it self on our Thoughts, from a thousand Occasions, whether we will, or no; that many think of Heaven, and yet do not desire it as much as they ought; but this I affirm, that every Man desires it in Proportion to his Thinking: For no Man but wishes for Heaven, while Heaven is on his Mind; and if every transient Glance of Thought can procure

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cure a *Wish*, it is a good Argument, that a fixed, and frequent Contemplation would produce no less than an effectual *Will*. If therefore we affect not Heaven enough, it is because we contemplate it too little.

· · · I N D E E D there is one strange Consideration which offers it self on this Subject: Since our common Notion of Things above represents them as infinitely preferable to all other, how is it possible that they should not ever engage our Thoughts? How is it possible, that Mankind which abhors nothing so much as Pain, should not be for ever meditating on that Place, which we confess to be the Seat of perfect Exemption from it? How is it possible, that Mankind which toils out a weary Life in eager Pursuits of every *Appearance of Good*, should forget That which we confess the *Supreme*? For it is too manifest, that as the Thoughts of Heaven, and heavenly Things enter most *rarely* into our Minds, so they hang the most *loosely* there, and are soonest dislodged from their slender Hold on us. Every new Object, tho' never so trifling, foreign, or absurd, is sufficient to divert us from the Importance of them.

· · · T H E Holy Scripture is frequent in asserting, that the Devil is actually, and perpetually conversant among us. His End and Business being to seduce, deceive, and destroy. Nor can there be a greater human Demonstration of this Truth, than this Instance of our Thoughts, with regard to the Contemplation of eternal Happiness; wherein their Slackness, Avocations, Startings, Wanderings, and Interruptions, are so unaccountable, so contrary to their Nature and Manner of Attention, when applied to worldly Objects, that they cannot seem to receive their Conduct from any Principle, either
Volun-

A True Estimate of Human Life. 7

Voluntary, or Mechanical, that is purely within our selves, but from the extrinsick Influence, and Injection of that evil Spirit. And accordingly we find him charged, *Mat. xiii. 19.* with this very Fact of snatching away *Good Thoughts* from the Heart of Man.

A N D, indeed, if Men but grant that there is such a Power, and that he can tempt us, (which, if we deny, we must cease to be Christians,) the Other follows of it self: For the *Region* of the Soul, in which the Devil forges his Wiles to deceive us, is the *Imagination*; and his *Manner* of working is by forming Images, or exciting Motions there, which become the immediate Matter of our Thought; and his *Time* of working is then particularly, when he perceives our Minds are religiously disposed; for then he is most afraid of loosing his Hold on us. And thence comes to pass (what I fear all of us have perceived) that at the Seasons of Devotion a Languor, and Inattention often comes over us, which we feel neither before, nor after: For then especially, he attempts our Imagination, and throngs it with foreign Matter. As therefore my Text requires the *setting our Thoughts on Things above*, in order to create such a Relish, and kindle such a Desire as is due to them; so, in order to setting our Thoughts on them, it is necessary to superadd this Rule; That in the Seasons assigned for such Contemplation, we should always guard our Thoughts with that Petition in the Lord's Prayer, *Deliver us from Evil*, that Evil-one (as it may be rendered) who is ever hovering round us to snatch away good Thoughts from our Hearts.

B U T a Persuasive to serious Contemplation (and nothing less than serious Contemplation is sufficient) must seem strange to so gay an Age, which has distinguished

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stinguished itself by nothing more, than by carrying Diversions to their greatest, and most expensive Height; *Diversions*, which are the Reverse of serious *Thought*: An Age, which particularly may be said with *Sempronia*, * *Psallere, & saltare elegantius quam necesse est Probæ*. *Pecuniæ, an Famæ minus parceret haud facile discerneres*. I cannot therefore but repeat what cannot, I think, fail of some Effect on all that hear it attentively.

“ A H! my Friends! while we *laugh*, all Things
 “ are *serious* round about us: God is serious, who
 “ exerciseth Patience toward us; Christ is serious,
 “ who shed his Blood for us; the Holy Ghost is se-
 “ rious, who striveth against the Obstinacy of our
 “ Hearts; the Holy Scriptures bring to our Ears
 “ the most serious Things in the world; the Holy
 “ Sacraments represent the most serious, and awful
 “ Matters; the whole Creation is serious in serving
 “ God, and us; all that are in Heaven, or Hell,
 “ are serious; how, then, can we be gay?” To
 give these excellent Words their full Force, it
 should be known, that they came not from the
Priesthood, but the *Court*; and from a Courtier as
 eminent as *England* ever boasted.

I SHALL now proceed to my *second* Head,
Judging of the *Things above*; which is the second
 Act of our Duty. As *judging* of them without
thinking, which some do, (or our Conversations and
 Presses would not be so guilty as they are,) is pre-
 posterous; so *thinking* of them without *judging*, is
 incompetent, and short. We must therefore *judge*
 likewise of the *Things above*; that is, we must think
 of them *comparatively*, weigh them against all other
 Things, that may possible stand in Competition

* *Salust.*

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with them; and so on a rational, and mature Deliberation, give them that Preference which they so well deserve.

N O W this *second* Act of the Soul is necessary for the fixing our Affections, for *this* Reason; because the simple Act of *Thinking*, indifferently raises our Love to every Thing that is pleasurable; but when *Judgment* comes to examine, and discern between those pleasurable Things, it will find that some of them must be foregone, and rejected of Necessity, because they are inconsistent *with*, and destructive of each other. And this, in a particular Manner, is the Case between *Things above, and Things upon the Earth*; both of them offer Pleasures, and such Pleasures as *must* necessarily engage our Affections, on our first Contemplation of them: But those two kinds of Pleasures are inconsistent; so contrary to each other, both in their Nature, and their Means; that it is impossible for *one* Soul to pursue both; such, therefore, as entertain a distracted Inclination for both of them, are called in Scripture, Men of two Souls.

S I N C E, then, it is necessary to *chuse* one, in order to enjoy *either*, let our *Judgment* examine these two Competitors for our Affections, *Things above, and Things upon the Earth*, and see which of them is most likely to bring in the fullest Satisfaction to our Souls.

F I R S T, let us put this World in the Ballance; and to avoid Confusion in so wide a Subject, let us separately consider the different *Orders, Ages, Aims, Relations, Constitutions, Tempers, and Passions* of Men; and see *this Variety united* in Uneasiness and Complaint.

B

FIRST,

FIRST, As to their Orders. The *Peasant* complains aloud; the *Courtier* in Secret repines: In *Want*, what Distress? In *Affluence*, what Satiety? The *Great* are under as much Difficulty to expend with Pleasure, as the *Mean* to labour with Success. In *Retirement*, what Oscitancy, what Heaviness? In the World, what Conflict, what Fatigue? The *Ignorant*, thro' ill-grounded Hope, are disappointed; the *Knowing*, thro' Knowledge, despond. Ignorance occasions Mistake; Mistake Disappointment, and Disappointment is Misery: Knowledge, on the other hand, gives true Judgment: and true Judgment of Things below, gives a Demonstration of their Insufficiency to our Peace. *Good Fortune* makes the Will undisciplined and dissolute, the Imagination vain, the Passions strong, and the Understanding weak: A miserable State! *Affliction* is the best School of Wisdom; no Volumes are an Equivalent for the Necessity of Reflection *that* lays us under; but then it must be confessed we pay dear for its Instruction: And since the End of Wisdom is to lead us to Pleasure, what signifies that Wisdom which is accompanied with Pain?

THE *Marriage State* only *may* be the most happy, but *is* the most dangerous; as fruitful of Calamities, as it is of Relations; whose Capacity of being our greatest Pleasures, is likewise their Capacity of being our greatest Pains. And if we consult Experience more than Reason in this Point, we have Grounds to fear the worst. Nor is Reason entirely on the other side; for if there are more Vices than Virtues, more unfortunate than fortunate Accidents in Life, the Ballance, in this State, will probably turn against us: The *Good* in it we look on as our Due, and therefore receive it coldly, and without a proper Emotion of Heart; the *Bad* is unexpected,

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expected, and therefore keen the Resentment of it : The Shaft is sharp ; the Surprise dips it in Poison, and doubles our Anguish. Both Parties look on all that the other can do for them as an absolute *Debt* : This Notion leaves Both a much less Power to *oblige*, than to *disgust* ; and consequently makes Disquiets almost unavoidable.

T H E *State of Celibacy*, unless it can work out an *artificial* Happiness for the Absence of Evils, which requires a peculiar Strength of Mind, is a desert, melancholy, and disconsolate State : At the Maturity of Life, tender Affections awake in the Heart, which demand their proper Objects, and pine for the want of them. In this State of Celibacy, they must either be extinguished, or continued without Gratification : The *first* is a great Violence to Nature ; the *second*, her lasting Pain ; and a Pain of that Kind, which furnished the *Platonists* with their principal Idea of Hell. Our Paternal *Affections* must be drawn off, like a Mother's Milk, or they will corrupt, and turn to Disease.

H U S B A N D, and *Father*, are the Titles of Honour which *Nature* dispenses, and endows them with greater Pleasure, than any Titles which *Fortune* can confer. They that resist the Impulses of Nature, are resisted by Her, in their *new* Schemes of Enjoyment ; and Nature is a powerful Adversary. He that has Children *multiplies* himself, and gives Happiness many Channels by which to flow in upon him : Letting the Heart stream out in Tenderness on its proper Objects, as it is the greatest Duty, so it is the greatest Blessing of Life : To have no one, to whom we heartily wish well, and for whom we are warmly concerned, is a deplorable State. It may be said, that *Wisdom* will provide us with such Objects, in every Condition : It

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may.; but it would cost us less Pains, if we suffered *Nature* to ease her of that Trouble.

PERSONS of *Birth*, *Riches*, *Power*, and *Talents*, those shining, and envied Characters, have all their *peculiar* Evils, the Growth of their respective States.

FIRST, Persons of *Birth*: These have their Eye on their Ancestors; and would have their *Glo-ry* subsist on the *Merit* of the Dead. This the World will not agree to, but thinks that an *Argument* for Attainments of their own, which the Great by Birth look on as their *Exemption* from the Labour of them: Thus are they pain'd, where they expect *Homage*, to find *Reproach*. They contemn those of mean Extraction; and by that Contempt, as it were, *exact* their Hate; and generally have what they exact, with the bad Consequences of it. Ardently they desire Honours, because it is natural to Men to desire an *Accumulation* of that Good, of which already they enjoy a Share: Hence a Disappointment in *This* Pursuit, is more stinging to them, than others. Who is *truly* more noble for his high Birth? He that despises it; He that despises it as a *Possession*, but values it as an *Incitement* to Virtue. Their *Appellations* are their *Instructors*: they are stiled *Noble*, on a Presumption that they retain the *Virtue*; their Blood is stiled *Generous*, on a Presumption that they retain the *high Nature*, of their Ancestors. Their *Riches* are not sufficient.

SECONDLY, Men of *Riches*: These Men, which is natural, are so high in their Opinion of what they largely possess, that they think to have *Riches*, is to have *every Thing*; that, they think them the *Price* for, and *Title* to all the World can give, or Man enjoy. Hence high *Expectations*, and
high

high *Resentments*, and every Evil is aggrandized by These. Every wrong Accident is a *Calamity*, and not only a *Calamity*, but an *Injury* too; for have not *They* a Title to better Things? Others, when they are sick, are *sorry*; but these are *angry* also, and look on a *Gout*, or a *Fever*, as an Object of *Resentment*; which is still the stranger, because, for the most Part, they *invite* them to their Habitations.

THIRDLY, Men of *Power*: They that have it in their power to make the Fortune, and Reputation of others, *may* have, and often have as many Enemies, as those whose Fortune, and Reputation they do *not* make. For Men are so fond of themselves, as to think that All others *can* do, they *should* do for them. This is unjust, but this is true. And hence it is, that all the *Uneasy*, instead of venting their Passion by striking the Air, as it is natural for the peevish in their Gusts of Rage to do, vent it often on Men in Power, by shooting their Arrows at them, *even bitter words*; because Men are apt to think they contract an Importance, from the Importance of those they injure. Whereas it is rare that Men in Power give just Offence to such as these: If they injure, they stoop not to these; they level at the Great, for that gives their *Dignity* the highest Satisfaction. The *Great* often *justly* are, the *Mean* often, *unjustly will be*, their Enemies. Where then are their Friends? They must be few, and those few are more likely to be secret Enemies to Them, than to any others with whom they pass for Friends. Because, First, Men of Power create the greatest *Envy*, which is our *strongest Passion*: Secondly, their Ruin would afford the largest Plunder, and our own Emolument is our *chiefest Aim*.

FOURTHLY, Men of *Talents*: If they do not exert them, it will cost them much Pains, and they may probably fail of Success, through *Malice* of Accident,

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cident, or *Indiscretion of Choice*. Or if they succeed in their *Labour*, their *Labour* may not succeed in its *Reputation*; or if it does, it is only setting themselves a *hard Task* for the future; for it is *double Shame* to fall beneath themselves. *Fame* is generally these Mens Aim; and to fail of our Aim, be it never so idle, is *Infelicity*. An Author at his *Lamp* tells himself in *Triumph*, now the *Toil* is almost over, the *Purchase* at hand, he is within a *Month* of *Immortality*. But on *Publication* he finds the *Payment* deferred, deferred to the *Day* of his *Death*; too late a *Payment* of *That* which he cannot transfer to his *Heir*. There is no stronger *Infatuation* than this *Desire* of chimerical *Immortality*. It is very strange; but the *Secret* of it is this: God implanted in the *Soul* a violent *Desire* of *Approbation*, in order to stimulate Men into an *Attainment* of his own *Approbation*, which is the most valuable; as he implanted in the *Soul* strong *Hope*, and *Fear*, and *Love*, that he himself might be the *Object* of them, as my *Text* directs: But as these *Affections* when they stop short on *Temporals*, become *Pains*; so this violent *Desire* of *Approbation*, when it stops short at Men, becomes, tho' most admirably wise in God's *Design*, that ridiculous, and seemingly unaccountable *Folly* of which I speak: And the wisest of Men, not attending to this, have sometimes started in *Surprize* and *Shame*, on discovering that some of their noblest *Designs* had their *Rise*, and *Termination* in that most despicable Point, the *Opinion* of Men. Thus you see that the *Thirst* of *Approbation*, when misapplied becomes a *Folly*, and incurs *Shame*, which it would most avoid. And this is the State of the greatest Gifts that *Omnipotence* can bestow, when turned on improper *Ends*, *This*, therefore, which might seem *digressive*, is not so; it tends to demonstrate the *Miseries* of this *Life*, since hence it appears, that we have Reason to stand

stand in Dread of the very *Excellencies* of our Nature, as well as the *Imperfections* of it.

SECONDLY, Consider the different *Ages*: *Young Men* desire *passionately*, and therefore are *afflictively* disappointed. They desire chiefly Gratifications of *Sense*, and therefore soon impair their Appetites for them, and anticipate old Age by Infirmities.

THEY are extremely *mutable* in their Inclinations, and therefore as some Things by *Nature cannot*, others, through their own *Temper*, *shall not* please them long.

THEY are *fastidious* in their Pleasures, as thinking the most delicate and exalted, the Prerogative of their Time of Life: Thus they *reject* many, and *impair* the rest.

THEY are *prone to Anger*, because unsubdued by *Fortune*, and unapprized by *Wisdom* of what they ought to expect: Hence are they displeased with others without Cause, and then with themselves, for being so; for generally their *Sense* of being in the wrong is as quick, as their Propensity to it, is strong.

THEY have not a sufficient Regard for Things of *Utility*, (because they never wanted,) and find the bad Effects of it; what Pride can better taste, pleases Them more: Hence they are very *tender of their Honour*, before they have gained any; and *thus* are they pained, not only about Things that *are*, but Things also, that *are not*.

THEY are *credulous*, because unexperienced; deceived, because credulous; and outrageous, because deceived: And hence, from *too fond an Opinion*, they are apt to conceive *too inveterate a Dislike* for Mankind; as fruitful a Source of Evil, as their *first* Mistake.

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THE young Man's Field of *Reflection* is small, for little is past; his Field of *Hope* is large, for much is to come; which falling in with Vivacity of Spirits, and Vanity of Heart, he indulges it to the Exclusion of necessary Fear, which is the Shield of Life; and hence is he perpetually wounded in his *Peace*, *Fortune*, *Reputation*, or *Health*, or All.

HE delights in *Extreams*, whereas *Virtue* is in the *Mean*, and Happiness dwells with her. He is a Squanderer of *Wealth*, as well as of Health, Peace, and Reputation; and by the *Guilt* of Youth, lays up *Poverty* for Age; of which I am now to speak.

AGE is infested with *Suspicion*, *Excess of Caution*, *Disaffection*, *Pusillanimity*, *Illiberality*, *Querulousness*, *Immodesty*, *Garrulity*, *Want of Compassion*, *solid Hatred*, *Moroseness*, *inordinate Self-Love*, *extream Covetousness*, and *Distempers*.

A N old Man is *suspicious*, because incredulous; and incredulous, because experienced. For the *Knowledge*, and *Distrust* of Mankind are inseparable. Now he that lives in perpetual *Suspicion*, lives the Life of a Centinel, of a Centinel never relieved; whose Business it is to *look out* for, and *expect* an Enemy, which is an Evil not very far short of *perishing by him*.

A L L I E D to Suspicion is *Excess of Caution*: Wisdom, Coldness of Temperature, and sometimes Ill-nature, are mixed in this. I shall chuse one Instance that includes them all: In Points of Speculation he rarely affirms, or denies any Thing positively, though *he* is best able to do it: He knows *nothing*, but is of *such an Opinion* on most Occasions; by which, one Thing he means, is, to call younger
Men

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Men Fools, (who delight in a more sanguine Stile) and thus, artfully, to gratify his Disaffection to them.

H E is all *Disaffection*: I speak in general. He loves no body, because formerly, very probably, his good Inclinations have been abused; besides, the Affections as naturally contract in the Evening of Life, as Flowers at the Departure of the Sun. Now he that loves none, enjoys none; nor is loved, or enjoyed by any.

H E is *Pusillanimous*, from decay of Spirits, and the Blows of Fortune. Now Pusillanimity is the Want of *Hope*, and Hope is the *Cordial* of Life.

H E is *Querulous*, which is the Voice of Pusillanimity; and an infallible Source of *Contempt*.

H E is *Illiberal*, as knowing how hard it is to *gain*, and how easy to *lose*; as likewise, from a growing Passion for the Security of *To-morrow*; whereas *To-Day* is the Mistress of Youth. Now Illiberality is the Source of *Hatred*, as *Generosity* is of Love.

H E is *Immodest*, I mean hardened to the Eye, and unaffected with the Opinion of others, because he disesteems them; and disesteems them, because he knows them; and Praise, and Dispraise we disesteem, when we disesteem Those from whom they come. Now this Immodesty is a Source both of *Hatred* and *Contempt*. Besides, *Virtue* is always enfeebled by a Neglect of Praise, which is a Food of it,

H E is *Talkative*, because his largest Scenes lies *backward*; and his Talk on the *past*, is always a Censure on the *present*: Now he that censures, is *displeased*. Besides, *this* Talkativeness is disgusting on two Accounts: First, as he is generally his own Theme;
D Secondly,

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Secondly, as it runs counter to the Fire, and Activity of younger Men, to whom he speaks.

HIS *Compassion* is *slight*, from his Familiarity with Misfortunes; and his *Hatred* is *solid*, more apt to vent it self in *Deeds* than *Words*, from the Maturity of his Wisdom, which loves Things *effectual*, and to the Purpose. His *former* Qualities put him in a State of War with Mankind: *This*, in a State of War that gives no Quarter.

HE is *Morose*, and an *inordinate* Lover of himself. The *First*, because he envies the Pleasures which he can't partake. There is no such Thing, at least, in our Climate, as a gay old Man; A *Fly in Winter* is for Nations nearer the Sun; He is the *Second*, because Men rise in Fondness for Things, in Proportion to their Hazard of losing them; and his Life is on the Departure. Hence absurdly his *Passion* for it increases, as its *Value* fails. Now from all that has been said,

HIS *extream* *Covetousness* is accounted for. Money has *two* excellent Qualities for him: *First*, it will do that for him, which no one will, willingly, do: It will keep him Company, as it always does; it will flatter him; it will go on his Errands; it will procure him Smiles, and Bows, and all the *Outside* of Affection, and Respect. *Secondly*, as it is a Thing *inanimate*, it can give no Offence. But not to aggravate this Matter, (which it little needs!) granting, that as *Youth* is the Reign of vehement Desire, and vehement Desire, is a Disease, a Fever, a Pain; so *Age*, indeed, brings on a Serenity; *Experience* makes us able Pilots in the Waves of Fortune, and *Vigour* *impaired* no longer scorches us with the Violence of Desire; Granting, that the Mind gains that Strength which the Body loses, and Intellectual Pleasures are then

then in their full Force; yet so, it must be confessed are

DISTEMPERS too; and what Comfort is there in an *Hospital*, or a *Storm*? In *Youth* what Disappointments of our own making? In *Age* what Disappointments from the Nature of Things? It is long before we arrive at a right Conduct, and by that at a true Relish, and good Husbandry of Life; and when we are arrived at it, as much as *Wisdom* gives, *Time* withdraws, Objects begin to flatter, and Appetites to fail. Human Life has then its Morning and Evening; but *the Evening and Morning are one Day*; a Day of Sorrows! different indeed in Sort, but in Essence the same. And *this* is the Reason why Men always unhappy, are always expecting Happiness. For had we no Change of Scenes to experience one after another, we should sooner be convinced of the Vanity of our Expectations: Whereas we, now, are amused with Hope, which, for Pleasure, gives us Change of Pain; we are *wretched*, and *deceived*, which increases our Wretchedness; for every Sorrow receives a new Sting, from our Expectation of the contrary.

T H I R D L Y, Consider our *Aims*: If we let loose our Wishes at Things above our Desart, how rarely we succeed? Or if we succeed, how are we pained with the Fears of exposing our Insufficiency? How shall we make good the Promise our *Fortune* has made to the World? We must live in perpetual Constraint; be for ever sweating under a Mask of Form and Artifice, which, in spite of all our Care, the Wise will see through; and, at their Mercy we lie, for the precarious Character, we preserve. And how ridiculous a Sight it is, to see a Man embarrassed by good Fortune, and struggling with his own Success? To take up more Money than our *Estate* can answer, in Time, is certain *Ruin*: To take up
D 2 more

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more Reputation than our *Merit* can answer, in Time, is as certain *Shame*.

IF our *Fortune*, on the other hand, falls below our *Desert*, how careless are we of exerting those Capacities we are really Masters of, and of levying that Advantage, and Reputation which is due to them? Our Preferment is our Punishment; and the Consciousness of our Worth is at once our *Pride*, and our *Affliction*: How unpromising a Scene is *that* for Happiness, where our Merit increases the Number of our Pains?

IF our Aims are *proportioned* to our *Desert*, we may indeed succeed; but our Success will soon grow insipid, nay, painful, when we see (as soon we shall!) our Inferiors in Merit get the Start of us in Place, and Fortune; when we find our *Wisdom*, and *Modesty* less advantageous, than the *Rashness*, and *Confidence* of other Men.

IF we stand *Alone*, and Independent, it is a proud, but a solitary, and uncomfortable Dominion; unrefreshed with Hope, which is the Life of Life itself. If we have our Attachments, and lean against our Superiors, it is often a shining Servitude, a promising Anxiety, that excites indeed our Spirits, but torments them too, during the *Suspence*; and as often deceives, as satisfies, in the *End*. Which has most Happiness? a servile Hope, or a hopeless Independency? He that has Many *Hopes*, has many Possibilities of *Disappointment*: He that has few, has few Occasions of *Joy*.

IF we converse with our *Inferiors*, or *Equals* only, we sacrifice the Advancement of our Fortune, to present Ease and Complacency; If with our *Superiors*, we in some Measure sacrifice our Ease, and Complacency, to our Fortune; our Caution must be al-

ways

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ways awake, our Abilities always on the Stretch; and Conversation, which was designed to *recreate*, must become a Discipline, and an Enterprize.

MORE OVER, it is *Expectation* from Superiors that is apt to give a painful, and unreasonable Awe of them; an Awe due rather to God, than Man. It is *That* which annoys our Breasts with pusillanimous Doubts, and Fears; *That* makes the little Heart play its servile Passions in all their Force, at a Smile, or a Frown; which He that does *not expect*, is free from himself, and in others, most justly contemns. The most despicable Weakness any one Man can be guilty of, is an undue Fear of another, which *Expectation* is apt to subject him to.

OBSCURITY has its obvious Disadvantages; and a *Great Name* is the Mark of Envy, and Reproach: Or if Reproach spare it, it must be Nurtured, or Lost. *Time* itself will work Decay in Glory, as in other Things; unless it be kept in Repair at the Expence of returning Pains, and a Succession of Deserts: And if preserved, it has its *moral* Evils; Fame from *Letters* makes a Man unsociable, and overbearing; Fame from political Wisdom, designing; and Fame from *Arms*, incorrect of Life. It has likewise its *natural* Evils. For since *Fame* is the general Mistress of Mankind, he that enjoys it has almost as many Rivals as Men, and often as many Foes, as Rivals.

ONE Man aims at making his Happiness by *Philosophy*, another by *Fortune*. The *First* is stemming the Stream of the World, and his own Nature, with endless Labour; the *Second* is carried away by that Stream, with endless Hazard, and every wave is Master of his Peace.

ONE follows *Fancy*, and by that Time the Thing fancied is attained, his *Fancy* for it is fled. Another follows

follows *Custom*, and is fashionably pleased in Contradiction to his own Heart. Seeming to be happy, is his Happiness; now *seeming* Happiness implies the *Want* of it. A Third follows *Reason*; and Reason puts us out of Humour with almost every Thing about us.

IF Men have no *Pursuits* they are a Burthen to themselves; if they have, Disappointments are a Greater. What Disappointments interrupt the most successful *Prosecutions*? And what is worse, *Possession* is the greatest Disappointment of all; it destroys the very Phantom of Happiness, our pleasing Error, our sweet Flatterer, Hope, which before we enjoyed. The Man of Success, and of the highest Advancement, first indeed laughs at others; but soon he revenges them, by laughing at *himself*. He wonders how he could be so passionately fond of what so little deserved his Fondness: He is grieved, he is surprized, he is angry, that the Absence of those Things was able to give him so much Pain, the Presence of which can afford so little Enjoyment. But he usually keeps the Secret, in poor Hopes of that Enjoyment from the mistaken Envy of others, which the Things envied cannot give him; and takes a malicious Pleasure in seeing his unwarned Followers deceived, as well as himself. There is ever a certain Languor attending the Fulness of Prosperity: When the Heart has no more to wish, it yawns over its Possession; and the Energy of the Soul goes out, like a Flame that has no more to devour; or, like a Storm, loses its Force for want of Opposition. Who is so wretched as the Man that is overwhelm'd with a Multitude of Affairs? He that is relieved from them, and has none at all. But granting Superiority of Fortune should give some Superiority of Happiness, let it be remarked, that he who increases the Endearments of Life, increases, at the same Time, the Terrors of Death. Which leads me to

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THE *Fourth* Consideration, that of our *Relations* in Life: A Wife, a Child, dear to us as our own Bosoms in which they lie, what Cowards do they make us? What are their Endearments, their Softness, their Charms, but new Terrors in the Frown, and new Shafts in the Quiver of *Misfortune*, and *Death*? There is something truly formidable in having such tender Blessings as these; and every wise, and feeling Heart, while it is transported at the Thoughts of them, must tremble too.

BUT all Relations are not pained through Tenderness of Affection. While the Father is solicitous for the Welfare of his Son, how solicitous and impatient is the Son (very often) for the Death of that very Father? What are Alliances of Blood, but Titles for Expectation? And what are Titles for Expectation, but Exposures to Disappointment, and Aggravations of its Smart? All That seeming Family-endearment, Comfort, and Complacency, which we figure to our selves at a Distance, what is it, (too often!) but mutual Attacks on the Peace, Plots on the Riches, Hopes from the Sickness, and Joy from the Deaths of each other?

THE Servant envies his Master, and sometimes the Master his Servant, and perhaps with more Justice; but justly, neither. For if we well knew how little others enjoy, it would rescue the World from one Sin, there would be no such Thing as Envy upon Earth; Envy, which is a *double* Folly; Folly, as it is a Sin, and Folly as it is a Mistake; for it results from the Supposition of that which is not, the superior Happiness of others; which is not, I mean, in that Degree we conceive of it; and we *envy* That which we *conceive*.

FIFTHLY, As to *Constitutions*, and *Tempers*: In Health, what Temptation? In Sickness, what Pain?

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Pain? The Misery of many is wrap'd up in their very Veins, how then shall they fly from it? How many inherit, how many create, how many purchase Distempers? Earthquake, Storm, War, sweep not half so many, as Diseases which we knowingly, contract by Carelessness, and Excess. Women, as they are less subject to Pains of Mind, are more subject to Pains of the Body than Men, to ballance that Account.

H E that is infirm, dies daily, and loses all the Pleasure of *Life*: He that knows no Infirmities, observes not the Lapse of Time, grows old unawares, and is unprepared for *Death*: But suppose a Man has Health, and Wisdom too, how many find in their *Tempers* an Enemy to Peace?

T H E *Tempers* are, as I take it, lesser *Passions*, or, various fainter *Shades*, or *Blendings* of Those strong *Colours* on the Soul of Man. The *Gloomy*, *Peevish*, *Sanguine*, *Phlegmatick*, *Good-natured*, *Impatient*, *Improvident*, *Wary*, *Haughty*, *Remitting*, *Courteous*, *Arrogant*, *Suspicious*, *Refining*, *Reserved*, *Affable*, *Fearless*, *Timid*, *Modest*, *Proud*, *Delicate*, and *Insensible* Temper, have all their peculiar Evils.

A *gloomy* Temper surveys every Thing in the worst Light, and can discover no Blessings.

A *peevish* Temper quarrels with the Blessings it discovers, with its Friends, itself; and defeats the Labour of Providence for its Satisfaction.

T H E *Sanguine* overshoots; the *Phlegmatick* desponds; the *Mild* tempts Insults; the *Cholerick* is its own Tormentor.

I F a Man is *Good-natured*, his Friends devour him; if not, his Foes.

T H E

T H E *Impatient* feels as much Uneasiness from the *slow* Approach of Pleasure, as Others from the Despair of it.

T O the *Thoughtless* and *Improvident*, the *Surprise* of every Disappointment doubles its Pain.

T O the *Wary*, and *Foreboding*, the constant Expectation of Calamity, is a Calamity itself.

I F a Man is *Haughty*, and too tender of his Honour, he gives the Power of hurting him to every Wretch that can shew Disrespect: And who cannot? If He is remiss, and negligent of Respect, Men will withhold *real Services*, because their *Ceremonial* was not sufficiently welcome; He loses the Substance, because he will *not* catch at the Shadow. But *Forms* are more than Shadows, they are the Robe, and Defence of *Realities*, which will ever run some Hazard, when we throw them off.

T H E *very Courteous* lessen their Favours by giving them the Appearance of a Debt, thro' their frequent Professions of Kindness: The Favours of an *arrogant* Man are received unthankfully; because, thro' too great a Consciousness of them, he is his own Pay-Master. And yet he who does not sometimes assert his own Merit, will soon have painful Suspicions that the *Former* is in the Right.

T H E *Suspicious*, in some measure, justify those Injuries, they *expect*. A Person of small Merit is *anxiously jealous* of Imputations on his Honour, because he knows his Title is *weak*; one of great Merit turbidly *resents* them, because he knows his Title is *strong*.

THE *Refining* Temper is expressly a *Maker of Evils*: Not to be obliged by Superiors, it construes an Injury; to be obliged by Inferiors, an Affront. To have its Wants relieved, it construes an Affectation of Superiority in its Benefactor; not to have them relieved, a Contempt. It can work Wonders to its own Disadvantage, and make a *Look*, or *Gesture*, it disapproves, a *serious* Misfortune.

RESERVE may procure Respect, but it gives a Disposition to Hatred; because that Respect is involuntary, and as it were, extorted; and we hate every Thing that invades the Freedom of our Choice.

AFFABILITY procures Good-will, but may give a Disposition to Contempt; because it gives us cheaply that which we desire, and the Difficulty of the Attainment enhances the Value of Things.

A *Fearless* Temper impairs our Caution, and makes us careless of exerting our utmost Strength; A *Timid*, gives our *Understanding* the strongest Arguments for exerting our Strength; but at the same Time enfeebles the Heart in the Execution of what appears so reasonable.

A *Native Modesty* in Men may conciliate *Love* from the *Many*, but forbids *Esteem* from the *Wise*: Because with them no Act has Merit, but what has Choice; and these *chuse* not Modesty by their *Reason*, but *suffer* it from their *Constitutions*.

PROUD Men are apt to be injurious, because it is a *Mark* of Superiority: They strike more through Vanity, than Malice; but then, as it is a *Mark*, it is a Mutilation of Superiority too; For it throws down our Respect for them, which is a considerable Support of it.

T O O great a Sensibility creates Pain, where by Nature it is not; too little perceives not Blessings where they are: And there is a too great Sensibility from *Fortune*, as well as *Temper*: *Rank* gives some Persons such a Delicacy, that they have a Set of Inquietudes entirely their own, the Prerogative of their high Station, to which their Inferiors must not presume to pretend. If *Humour*, and *Passion* are indulged, how domineering are they? If denied, how rebellious? which leads me to

T H E Sixth and last Consideration, the *Passions* of Men.

A N Account of the *Passions* is properly a History of the *Active* Part of the Soul, as an Account of the *Understanding* is of the *Contemplative*. They may be consider'd as so many *Standard-Bearers*, round each of which many Mischiefs are rang'd in array against us, and lay waste the Tranquility of Human Life. They have by others been consider'd *Physically*, as they constitute Part of our Nature; *Morally*, as they influence Virtue and Vice; and *Rhetorically*, with regard to Composition: But I do not know that they have been consider'd in a System, or with any Accuracy, as the *Pains*, and *Promoters of the Pains* of Life. In this View I shall speak of them, with as much Light, and Distinction, as I can. It is the Passions that give the *perpetual Motion* to Human Life, that roll us from Place to Place, from Object to Object, nor will the Grave it self afford them Rest.

F I R S T, *Anger*. It is elegantly said, *the King's Anger is as a roaring Lyon*. Which Description of it is confin'd to Kings, only as to its efficacy; it is as *strong*, though not as *successful* in other Men. By a King it is let loose into the large Field of Power, in

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others it bites the Bars that confine it, and, in both, it lashes it self. This shows it to be a *Pain*; and it likewise proceeds from Pain; for no one is angry, but who has, or fancies he has received an Injury in himself, or *His*; for which he is, first, grieved. So that Anger may be called the Daughter of *Sorrow*, and the Mother of *Revenge*, which often has fatal Consequences. Thus this Passion has *past*, *present*, and *future* Pains belonging to it.

ANGER is frequent; for among Enemies it is the *natural* Habit of the Mind; and where are not Enemies? Among Friends, it is *unnatural*, and therefore, when it happens, more tormenting.

A S Pride is *predominant* in Man, the principal Cause of Anger is Disrespect; the Question therefore is, if the angry Man acts not against his own supreme Purpose: If Anger is *impotent*, That is a Blow directly on his *Pride*; if it succeeds by unworthy Means, That is a Blow on his general Character. Anger therefore is not only an Evil it self, proceeding *from*, and leading *to* Evil, but, often, to the very Evil it would most avoid. It falls on its own Sword.

TWO Sorts of Men are most subject to this Passion; Men of *Felicity*, and Men of *Affliction*. One because their *Expectations* are high, the other because their *Uneasinesses* are many. The *First* make their Superiority their Anxiety, counterballancing by their own Resentment, the *Favours* of Nature and Fortune; the *Second* inflame the *Severities* of them both.

ALLY'D to Anger is *Hatred*, which is a lasting Anger; now Hatred is always accompanied with Disgust, and Disgust is Pain.

ALLY'D to Hatred are *Contempt*, and *Abhorrence*; Contempt is Hatred without Fear, but it is *Hatred*

Hatred, and therefore Pain. *Abhorrence* is *Hatred* with *Fear*, and therefore its Pain is double.

INVECTIVE indeed eases the Heart, as a Discharge the Stomach, but it also proves it very sick before.

I DO not deny that there is such a Thing as a malicious *Pleasure*; but I affirm it is a Pleasure like that of violent scratching, or striking ourselves in some Dispositions; it supposes a Distemper, and leaves a Wound, both in our Reputation, and our Peace.

ANGER has under its Banner, *Invective*, *Assault*, *Ruin*, and *Death*.

SECONDLY, Love. By Love I mean not the Desire of what is *Useful*, or *Honest*, but more particularly of what is *Pleasant*. With *Philosophers* it includes the *two Former*, with the *World* it is often limited to the *Last*. It implies Discontent, that is *Pain*; for he that desires, is dissatisfy'd with his present Condition, be it what it will. And the Pain is in Proportion to the Desire.

TO say the least to the Disadvantage of this Passion. It is putting your Peace in the Power of *another*, which is rarely safe even in your *own*.

THERE are *Two Things*, I think, *peculiar* to this Passion, and what makes them more remarkable, is, they seem somewhat inconsistent. *One* is our *Desire* of it; the *Other* is a Condition that makes it very *Undesirable*. As to the First, we don't seek, nay, we avoid Occasions of *Anger*, *Hatred*, *Fear*, *Shame*, or *Envy*, but we seek Occasions of *Love*. As to the Second, Love is *all* the Passions in *one*: It is *Anger* that it *cannot*, *Shame* that it *does not*, *Fear* that it *shall not* enjoy its Object; It is *Envy* of, and
Hatred

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Hatred to, those that possibly may. For *Envy*, *Hatred*, and *Suspicion* form Love's constant Companion, *Jealousy*; which therefore stings deeper than *either* of them, because it is *all*. Now as many Passions as Love has, so many Pains. Be it therefore a Maxim, He that was never *Pain'd*, never *Lov'd*.

BUT tho' this Passion has Pains, leads it not to *Pleasures*? It *may* fail of them, and then it is *Despair*, which is most terrible; if it attains them, they may not be lasting; For most Pleasures, like Flowers, when gather'd, die.

LOVE has under its Banner, *Watching*, *Sickness*, *Abasement*, *Adulation*, *Perjury*, *Jealousy*; and sometimes it lifts *Anger's* most dreadful Followers; the only difference is, *there*, they are standing Troops, *here*, casual Recruits; there, they are *Volunteers*, here, they are *Pressed* occasionally into the Service; for they do not *naturally* belong to Love.

THIRDLY, *Fear*. This is a most dismal Passion; a Mind haunted with Fear is a hideous Night-Piece of Storm, Precipice, Ruins, Tombs, and Apparitions; It is not content with the Compass of Nature, as if too scanty for Evil, but creates new Worlds for Calamity; Things that are *not*. But *very timorous* Natures only suffer to this Degree; and it is well they do not; For *such a Fear* alone is capable of taking in an ample Vengeance of an incens'd God. Infomuch that some have thought that Hell consisted in the severe Extremity of this Passion only.

ALL, that *Fear*, have proportionable *Pain*. It is an Anticipation of Evil; and has under its Banner, *Confusion*, *Supplication*, *Servility*, *Amazement*, and *Self-Desertion* particularly.

FOR

FOR I think it a *Peculiarity of Fear* that it defeats its own Purpose more than any of the Passions. *Anger* strikes, and if unsuccessfully, it only loses a Blow; *Love* pursues, and if unsuccessfully, it only loses a Pursuit; *Fear* makes us fly, but makes us stumble too, and the more precipitate our Flight, the farther are we from an Escape. Hence says the Holy Scripture, *It betrays the Succours of Reason*, meaning, that it betrays it more than any other Passion, for all betray it in some Degree.

FEARS are the *Shields of Life*; but if they are too many, they are an Oppression, and like the Maid at the *Capitol*, we perish under them.

FEARS we have many, but there is *but one that came from Heaven*, (as the *Romans* fabled of their *Ancile*,) which is the Fear of God; *All the rest are false*; and this sevenfold Shield will save us from them: A Falling World can not affright Him, whom that Shield has under its Protection.

FOURTHLY, There is also *False Shame*; When, thro' an Affectation of the Esteem of bad Men, we are ashamed of what God approves; or if ashamed of what is truly shameful, when, we are ashamed with Regard to Men, not God. The *First* is Blasphemy in thought; or such a Thought, as if express'd in Words, would be Blasphemous. The *Second* is Sacrilege, giving God's Due to Man. This is a Shame to be ashamed of; and *contrary* to the Apostle's *Repentance not to be repented of*, for Shame is a Repentance, or something very like it.

SHAME is a Sense of Estimation impaired, and of our sinking in the Opinion of *Men*; I wish I could add of *God* too; for Men are not ashamed of *Injustice*, or *Prophaneness*, at the same Time that they blush

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blush for an Omission in *Fashion*, or *Complaisance*. Nay, I wish they are not often *Proud* of the *Former*; now *Pride* is *Shame's* Reverse. As shining in the Opinion of others is the supream Aim of almost all Men, *Shame* must be exceeding *Painful*, as it implies the Loss, or Diminution of their greatest *fancied* Good. Besides, every Man, while he is *ashamed* wishes his Condition *altered*, which no Man does that is *happy* under it.

SHAME has under its Banner, *Self-Condemnation*, *Pusillanimity*, *Regret*, *Lying*, *Confusion of Face*.

WHICH Last puts me in Mind of what I take to be *Peculiarities* of this Passion. Which are Three. First, Other Passions fly to Men for Redress of their Grievances, This flies from them: *Anger* flies to strike, *Love* to embrace, *Fear* for Shelter; But *Shame* flies from all Men, and makes an Eye as sharp as a Sword. *Shame's* bad Estate is seen in this, that its Hope, and Felicity runs so low, as to make *Night*, and *Oblivion*, which are the Terror of others, a Wish, a Joy; *Fallere & Effugere est Triumphus*. So that it robs Man of one of his most Essential good Qualities, that of his being a *sociable* Creature.

SECONDLY, *Shame* has a more infallible Mark fixed on it by Nature, than any of the Rest, I mean Blushes. Of which I take the Reason to be, that this Passion necessarily supposes Guilt. Which is not the Case of any of the Passions beside, except Envy, which is generally marked with *Paleness*, as *Shame* with the Contrary. *Shame*, I say, necessarily supposes Guilt. For none are ashamed but on one of these Three Accounts. First, Because they are *directly* Guilty. Secondly, Because they want some Merit they ought to have. Thirdly, Because they suffer some Indignity. Now the want of proper
Merit

Merit proceeds generally from *Omissions*; suffering Indignities, from *Sloth*, or *Cowardice*; and all these are *Vicious*. But Men are sometimes ashamed of *Virtue*. True; but then they consider that *Virtue* as a Fault, in the Eyes of Those before whom they are ashamed of it: Besides, then, it does not only *suppose*, but is Guilt.

THIRDLY, *Lying*. This is the False Cover of *False Shame*; for true or proper Shame has Regard to God, and who *dares*, who *can* lye to Him? For we cannot lye to any Purpose, but to fallible Beings. Now as *false Shame* is lying eternally, tho' the Person subject to it is ashamed without Reason *at first*, he is sure to have ample Reason for Shame *in the End*; and consequently he will be *Pained* without just Cause, and with it, too.

FIFTHLY, *Envy*. This is the most *Deformed*, and most *Detestable* of all the Passions. A good Man may be *Angry*, or *Ashamed*, may *Love*, or *Fear*; but a good Man can not *Envy*. For all other Passions seek *Good*, but *Envy* *Evil*. All other Passions propose *Advantages* to themselves; *Envy* seeks the *Detriment* of Others. They therefore are *Human*. This is *Diabolical*. *Anger* seeks Vengeance for an Injury; an Injury in Fortune, or Person, or Honour; but *Envy* pretends no Injuries, and yet has an Appetite for Vengeance: *Love* seeks the Possession of *Good*, *Fear* the flight of *Evil*, but *Envy* neither; All her good is the Disadvantage of Another. Hence it is most *Detestable*; and because most *Detestable*, therefore, Secondly,

MOST Deformed. For it is the most *Detestable*, because the least *Natural*; or what is least *Natural* works in us the most disadvantageous, and deforming Effects. We must be sometimes *Angry*, we must *Love*, and *Fear*, and be *Ashamed* by the Necessity of our Nature, and there are just Occasions

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for them all. But no Necessity of our Nature, obliges us to *Envy*, nor is there any just Occasion for it. For all Men are unhappy, only we know not where their Uneasiness lies; therefore there is no *Natural* Occasion for *Envy*; and that there should be a *Moral* one, is a Contradiction; for the happier Others are, the more we should *rejoice*. As therefore neither our *Nature*, nor *Reason* requires *Envy*, it is properly *Unnatural*, and because *Unnatural*, it works such terrible Effects in us. How Pale, Keen, Inhuman, and Emaciated is its Look, if the undeserved Indulgence of Constitution gets not the better of those Effects? Now all these are Demonstrations of its extream *Pain*.

MEN of Imagination therefore have been fond of this Subject, as Painters, Poets, Historians, for the Imagination delights in *Extreams*; and nothing is more terrible than their Descriptions of it, but the Thing it self. *A chearful Heart does good like a Medicine*, but *Envy* corrodes like a Poison; It is so sharp, that it cuts the Body which sheaths it, Nay it is thought by some, actually to send forth its Virulence; to sit visible in the Eyes, and wound its Object. Of this Opinion seems our greatest *English* Philosopher, who assigns Physical Reasons why Persons in *Joy*, and *Triumph*, are more liable to receive this Venom than Others. What a Wretch must the Quiver of such Arrows be? Such is the *Pain* of *Envy*, that it made the two greatest, and bravest Men that ever lived, Weep; It made them shed Tears, but not of Compassion, though over the Monuments of the Dead.

COMPASSION is grieved at Others Evil, *Envy* at Others Good. *Indignation* is grieved that the Unworthy prosper, *Envy* that the Meritorious prosper, also. *Emulation* is grieved at its own *Wants*, *Envy* at the Enjoyments of Others. Nay it principally

pally maligns Those who deserve the greatest Praise, (*viz.*) *New Men*, the Makers of their own Fame, and Fortune. For rising Glory occasions the greatest Envy, as kindling Fires, the greatest Smoak. In a Word, it is the Reverse of *Charity*; and as that is the supream Source of *Pleasure*, so this of *Pain*. This gathers Pain, as that gathers Pleasures from all the Felicities that happen to Mankind. Nor is it only *Painful*, but *Ignominious*. The most Imperfect, and Pusillanimous are most subject to it; The *First*, because their Field for Envy is largest; The *Second*, because, through Mistake, what is Little *appears* Great to *them*; and, therefore, as the proper Object of Envy.

ITS *Peculiarities* I take to be, first, that it seeks not, (as the other Passions,) Good, but Evil. Secondly, That this is *Lasting*, the Others *short*. We are angry, or ashamed, we love or fear, for a Day, or Year; but we Envy for *Life*; and I look on it to be the most Universal Source of Unhappiness on Earth.

IT has under its Banner, *Hatred*, *Calumny*, *Treachery*, *Cabal*, with the *Meagerness of Famine*, *Venom of Pestilence*, and *Rage of War*.

NOR are the *Good*, and *Pleasurable* Passions without their Inconveniencies, and Inquietudes, which is a Subject *hitherto*, I believe, unhandled. *Compassion*, *Indignation*, *Emulation*, *Hope*, nay and *Joy* it self, if fairly examined, will prove this true, without any Refinement, or Affectation of *Novelty* in the Attempt.

FIRST, *Compassion*, while it has others Misery in its *Eye*, it has its own in its *Apprehension*; and is struck with a quick Sense of the *obnoxious* Condition of Human Nature. Hence is it evident, that *Fear*,

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and *Sorrow*, are included in it; and can there be *Fear*, and *Sorrow* without *Pain*?

THOUGH I know it is disputed; I venture to affirm, That our *Compassion* for Others, is accompanied with a Concern for our selves. And I am persuaded of this, from considering the Persons who are *most*, and who are *least* inclined to *Compassion*.

THE *least Inclined*, are the *most Confirmed* in, or the *most Lost* to Happiness. The *First* are not *Compassionate*, because *most secure*; the *Second*, because they have *felt the worst*. Little *self-concern* being moved by the miserable Object in these Men, little *Compassion* is moved by it, too.

THE *most Inclined* to it, are the *Timid*, and *those who have Wives, Children, and Relations*. The *First*, because they are *most liable* to fear for themselves; the *Second*, because they afford Misfortune the largest Mark.

AND all are more *compassionate* toward their Equals in Age, Fortune, Birth, Qualifications, or Manners, than others; because the Misfortunes of *such* are a more direct Alarm of Fear for *themselves*.

SECONDLY, *Indignation*. This is a just and noble Passion, and none but the Noble-Minded feel it. It is a generous Zeal for Right, an Heroick, and laudable Anger at the Prosperity of Undeservers. An Anger therefore Foreign to the Unworthy, Base, and Profligate, who can conceive no Resentment that Men, like themselves, prosper. This elevated Passion has sometimes a severer Pang than is consistent with Life. *Cato* died of it. He thought no Man worthy to triumph over Liberty, and *Rome*. And that violent Deportment shown at his *Death*, which has, *hitherto*, been wrongfully imputed to a Ferocity

Ferocity of *Temper*, was, I think, owing to This accidental *Passion*, which was the *Cause of his Death*; This Fever, this noble Inflammation of Mind, this Indignation for *Cæsar's unjust Success*. My Conjecture clears his Character in *that Respect*, and makes it more consistent with that Humanity, which he, in a peculiar Manner, manifested on many occasions in his laudable Life, which was worthy our Emulation, though his Death was detestable at the best.

THIRDLY, *Emulation* is an Exalted, and Glorious Passion, Parent of most Excellencies in Human Life. It is enamour'd of all Virtue, and Accomplishment; its generous *Food* is Praise; its sublime *Profession*, Transcendency; and the *Life* it pants after, Immortality. It kindles at all that is Illustrious; and as it were, lights its Torch at the Sun. *Envy* seeks Others Evil, *Emulation* its own Good; *Envy* repines at Excellence *without* Imitation; *Emulation* imitates, and rejoices in it. We *Envy* often what we *cannot* arrive at, we *Emulate*, nothing but what we *can*, or think at least *we can* attain. Hence the *Young* and *Magnanimous* are most inflam'd with Emulation, and Emulation rather of Glory, and Virtue, than of the Goods of the *Body*, or *Fortune*, till the World effaces Nature's first good Impressions. "*Hæc imitamini*, says Tully, *per Deos immortales, hæc Amplæ sunt, hæc Divina, hæc Immortalia, hæc Fama celebrantur, monumentis Annalium mandantur, Posteritati propagantur.*"

BUT tho' Emulation is the Pursuit of the most Amiable Things, and that by Persons most amiable too, it cannot Escape; It cannot escape in a bad World, where Men judge of others by themselves, being mistaken for *Envy*, and being Treated accordingly. For it has, sometimes, such a Degree of Resemblance, as to give the *Weak* Occasion of Error, and the *Malicious* of Excuse. Thus it falls *Alieno*
Vul-

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Vulnere; not to mention its own natural *Pain*, which is at least as uneasy to the Soul, as extreme Thirst is to the Body. *Hope* and *Fear* play the Heart of *Emulation* with Violence; It has its Throbs, its Paleness, and Tremblings, when carry'd to an Height.

—————*Exultantique haurit*
Corde Pavor pulsans, Laudumque arrepta Cupido.

FOURTHLY, *Hope*, and *Joy*. *Hope* feels the Stings of *Impatience*, which is often so vehemently *Eager*, that falling from it into the *Despair* of its Object, is sometimes a sensible Ease to the Mind. *Joy* if moderate, scarce breaks thro' the General Disquiet of Life; If Immoderate, it is a Fever, a Tumult, a Gay Delirium, a *Transport*; which signifies a Man's being beside, or beyond himself, and he that is not in possession of himself, can but ill be said to be in possession of any thing else: Joy in this Case, goes beyond its bounds, into an Enemy's country, and becomes a *Pain*; as its Tears abundantly testify. Nor has its Tears only, but it is sometimes *Mortal*.

HENCE some, nay most Philosophers, have plac'd our *Chief Good* in Serenity, or Indolence, but this is a Mistake. Indolence, or Rest is inconsistent with our Nature, and not to be found in Heaven it self, but in a *Comparative* Sense. On the contrary, our Heaven will consist in a Pleasing Motion, a Delightful Exertion, a Transporting Progress to all Eternity. *Annihilation* is the only *Rest* for Man. What therefore we are to aim at, I shall shew in my *Second Discourse*.

TO conclude on the *Passions*. We consist of Soul, and Body; the *Passions* are the Wants of the Soul, as the Appetites may be call'd the *Passions* of the Body. So that we are made up of *Wants*, that is of *Pains*.

Pains. Who is almost ever free from one Passion, or another? And as Passions are the Pains (from which they take their very Name) so are they the Destroyers too, of our Nature. They *pain* the whole Soul, they *confound* the Memory, *make wild* the Imagination, and *burt* the Understanding, like Ebricty, which they resemble in their natural, and moral ill Consequences. And because they injure the Body also, therefore has the *Physician*, as well as *Moralist*, to do with them; and interdicts them to all those who desire Length of Days. Nay, they are more terrible than that Death which they hasten; for many have fled to *That* from the Torment of them. It seems *strangest*, at first Sight, that *Fear*, of all the Passions, should put on this Appearance of Courage; but it is so far from it, in reality, that no *Other Passion* ever arriv'd at Suicide, but thro' the Suggestion of This Trembler, *Fear*. Men die because they *Fear* Life under its present Ills; Whereas *True Valour* meets those Ills, whatever they are, with the same Resolution, with which *They* meet Death. Their Cowardice shews a *pale*, feeble Valour, as Darkness shews the *Moon*; but *that* Valour is nothing compar'd to the *true*, as the *Moon* is nothing by *Day*.

I F this Account of the Passions be just, let us turn them against themselves; Let us be angry with *Anger*, ashamed of *Shame*, afraid of *Fear*, pity *Envy*, and moderate our Fondness for *Love*. For some are so idle, ridiculous, shameless, as to court the Passion itself; and at a time too, when they have the least Probability of Success. *Love*, according to the different Objects it embraces, like a *Women espoused*, changes its Name, and becomes *Voluptuousness*, *Ambition*, *Avarice*, or *Vanity*. Those four predominant Impulses that divide Mankind between them; That beat on us, like the Four Winds of Heaven, and keep the restless World in a perpetual Storm.

O N this common Subject I shall endeavour to throw some new Light, by shewing that they all act directly counter to their own Purposes, and are the *Reverse* of That which they pretend to.

FIRST, The *Voluptuous*: Can this Man be *unhappy*, whose sole Aim is *Pleasure*? whose *Study* is the *Art*, whose *Life* is the Chase, of Delight? He may, he is, nay, he *must* be so; because his *Imagination* promises much more than *Sense* is able to pay. Hence, he is always *disappointed*; but, through Ignorance or Negligence of the Cause of it, though always *disappointed*, he is always *expecting*; and repeated Experience serves only to *upbraid*, not *correct* his Conduct. And it *must* be so; for as every new Scene of Voluptuousness is a new *Light* to his Understanding, to shew the Insufficiency of *those Scenes* to his Happiness; so is it, also, a new *Blow* to his Understanding, and the Rectitude of his Will, and weakens his Power of resisting *Them*. Hence is he reduced to the wretched State of eternally *pursuing*, and eternally *condemning* the same Things; than which, nothing more severe could be imposed by the greatest Tyrant, and greatest Foe. 'Tis not in vigorous Health, boundless Fortune, unrestrained Liberty, or that Liberty improv'd by Skill, and Experience into an *Art of Debauchery*, to give him Satisfaction, nay, *not* to give him Inquietude, though *Virtue*, though *Reason* did not interpose: The *Body* only would find out the Vanity, the Tædium, the bad Effect of Voluptuousness, and bare *Instinct* would reproach him with it. His *past* gives Regret, his *present* dissatisfies, and his *future* deceives: His *Imagination* imposes on his *Senses*; his *Senses* weaken, and vex his *Understanding*; and his *Understanding* censures them *both*: *They* persist, *That* grows peevish, and impotent. Thus the divided Man, like a *divided Family*, is the Seat of Misery, and Object of Contempt.

WITH

W I T H regard to the chief Branch of Sensuality, and its fatal Consequences, it may be truly said, that nothing is more stinging than a bad *Woman's Hatred*, except her *Caresses*; nothing is more to be declin'd than her *Deformity*, except her *Charms*. But as for a Good Woman, *Her Price is beyond Gold. She is a Pillar of Rest.*

T H E *Man of Pleasure*, as the Phrase is, is the most ridiculous of all Beings: He travels, indeed, with his Ribbon, Plume, and Bells; his *Dress*, and his *Musick*, but through a toilsome, and beaten Road; and every day nauseously repeats the same Tract. Throw an Eye into the gay World, what see we, for the most part, but a Set of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, phantastical Beings, worn out in the keen Pursuit of Pleasure; Creatures that *know, own, condemn, deplore*, yet still *pursue* their own Infelicity? The decay'd *Monuments* of Error? The thin *Remains* of what is call'd Delight!

I N a word, to suppose *Sense alone* can make a Man happy, is to suppose *Reason* superfluous, which is blasphemous, and absurd: But Sensuality brings such a Grossness on the Understanding, that this Argument will not be so much as *comprehended* by those who have the greatest Need of being *affected* by it. Now the Cause of their not comprehending it, is their total Inexperience, and Ignorance of the Pleasures of *Reason*: Which Ignorance proves this gay, this gallant Creature, this *Patron* of Pleasures, and *Professor* of Delight, (what he little suspects) in Reality, the greatest *Niggard* in Enjoyment, the greatest *Self-denier* in the World.

SECONDLY, *Ambition*. Voluptuousness has its Intervals: When *Sense* is satisfied, it pauses for the Revival of its Flame; like *Eruptions*, it rages, and
G rests

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rests by Turns: But Ambition, like a *Conflagration*, burns on incessant; the more it has, the more it craves; the more it devours, the stronger is its Fury. *Success* but sets it new Tasks, and is as severe to the Ambitious, as *Misfortune* to other Men. Every Difficulty he cuts off, seven rise in its stead: so that the *Character* of the most ambitious Man that ever liv'd, is a proper *Motto* for all his Sons, whose Sport, like the *Leviathan's*, makes a Tempest, and is the Ruin of all about them. *Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum.* That is, It is their Maxim, *To know no Rest.* How differs then *Ambition* from *Slavery*? As severe *Exercise* from hard *Labour*; The Thing is the same, only *here* it is Necessity, and *there* it is Choice; that is, *there*, it is *Wretchedness*, and *Folly* too.

THE *Ambitious* thinks all Happiness is deriv'd from *Comparison*, and that Highest, and Happiest is the same Thing: Nor knows that to be *high*, is not always to be *happy*; but to be *happy*, is always, and truly to be *high*. If his Notion is right, how have the Wisest of all Ages, and all Nations been mistaken? Either they have persever'd in an eternal, and obstinate Error, in asserting *Content* to be Happiness, or he is not happy at all; for Ambition imports an Absence, nay, a Disdain of *Content*: And indeed it has the Glory, if 'tis a Glory, of being far from it. Disappointment in small Things, gives the Ambitious no small Anxiety; Success in great, no great Satisfaction, because there remain still greater Things than These; and while his Heart burns at some mighty Point in View, it robs him of the Relish of those considerable Enjoyments which Nature indulges to the meanest of her Children. The *Spring* has no *Beauty*, the *Autumn* has no *Taste*; much less has *Wisdom*, or *Religion*. He is not altogether incapable of Repenting of Religion, and thinking his Prayers a Loss of
Time.

Time. Too just, I fear, is this Observation, which makes a Passage in *Aristotle* extremely remarkable, who recounting the Vices incident to the great Men of his Age, says, "*Indevotion* was not one of them, but that they were addicted to the Worship of the Gods, on account of the Riches which they had receiv'd from them." But to return, The Violence of the ambitious Man's Desires sets him at a Distance from himself; he is never at home to the present Hour, but reaching, and gasping at Joys to come; all in possession is contemptible. To what amounts then his violent Affection for those Objects he pursues? To a strenuous Endeavour, by making them his *own*, to render them *contemptible*, as fast as he can; that is, He seeks at once to *gain* a Blessing, and to *destroy* it: Nor in this only does the Ambitious appear to thwart his own Purposes, as will appear immediately.

BUT First, let us observe that he cannot be extremely happy in the *very Exercise* of his Dominion, that fullest Gust of all his Desires; when he stands surrounded with many Circles of expecting, anxious Beings; the whole Nest gaping-wide, while he can allay the Cravings but of Few. He has not Morsels for them all. If he has any Humanity, it must touch it, to see himself besieg'd with eager Visages, secret Pains, repining Hearts, disappointed Hopes, that will strike deep into the Peace of Families, and carry Distress beyond his *Knowledge*, and *perhaps* beyond his *Conception* of it. Or if these Stings of his Fellow-Creatures touch him not, He is still more to be pity'd,

S E E K not of the Lord Preheminence, neither of the King in the Seat of Honour. But call in the Waves of thy Desire, climbing over one another for ever; bid thy proud Heart be still, and say to it, Hitherto shalt Thou go, and no farther: And let it, at least, have the *bounds* of the Ocean, as well as the *tumult* of it,

“ Wrath of Almighty God. Wherefore Gloriest
“ Thou thy self in thy Vallies, thy flowing Vallies,
“ Thou back-sliding Daughter? Though thou fillest
“ the Face of the World with Cities, though Thou
“ cloathest thy self with Crimson, and deckest Thee
“ with Ornaments of Gold, and thy Face with
“ Painting; in vain Thou makest thy self Fair, thy
“ Lovers shall seek thy Life. The *Ambassadors of*
“ *Peace shall weep bitterly.* Woe to the Multitude
“ that makes a Noise, like the Noise of the Seas,
“ and to the Rushing of Nations, like the Rushing
“ of many Waters. I will cause the Arrogancy, of
“ the Proud to cease, and lay low the Haughti-
“ nefs of the Terrible. Though thou art as a young
“ Lion of the Nations, and as a Whale in the Seas,
“ They shall bring Thee up in my Net. They
“ shall set Thee a Bed in the midst of the Slain; thy
“ Graves shall be round about Thee: Because thy
“ Children are grown fat, as Heifers at Grass, and
“ bellow as Bulls. I will set my Terrors in Array
“ against Thee, the Arrows of the Almighty shall
“ be in Thee, They shall drink up thy Spirits.
“ Though all People, Nations, and Languages
“ tremble before Thee, I will smite thy Bow from
“ thy Left-Hand, and the Arrows from thy Right.
“ Give Wings to *Babylon* that she may fly: In vain!
“ the *Lame* shall take the Prey. I will lay thy Flesh
“ upon the Mountains, and fill the Vallies with thy
“ Height. I will water with Blood the Land where-
“ in thou swimmest, the Rivers shall be *full* of Thee.
“ The Beasts of the Field, and the feather’d Fowl
“ shall assemble to the Sacrifice on the Mountain;
“ They shall eat the Flesh, and drink the Blood of
“ Princes; They shall be filled at my Table with
“ Horses, and Chariots, and mighty Men of War.
“ Though Thou diggest into Hell, my Hand shall
“ take Thee Thence; Though thou climbest up to
“ Heaven, Thence will I bring Thee down; Tho’
“ Thou hidest in the Bottom of the Sea, I will com-
“ mand

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“mand my Serpent to bite Thee, *there*. I will send
 “up many Hunters against Thee, and they shall
 “pursue Thee from Hill to Hill, from Mountain
 “to Mountain, They shall roll Thee down the
 “Rocks. Thou shalt not lift thy self up in thy
 “Brigandine, thy Tackling shall be loosed; Thou
 “shalt not strengthen the Mast, nor spread the Sail;
 “There is a Cry in the Ships, Though thy Ship-
 “board is the Fir Tree of *Senir*, and thy Mast the
 “Cedar of *Lebanon*, thine Oars the Oak of *Basban*,
 “and though the *Asburites* have made thy Benches
 “of Ivory; thy Sail fine Linnen with broidered
 “Work from *Ægypt*, Blue, and Purple from the
 “Isles of *Elisbah*; *Zidon*, and *Arvad* thy Mariners,
 “and thy Pilots *wise* men. Wilt Thou say before
 “him that slayeth Thee, *I am a God*? And when
 “in the Fire of my Wrath I put Thee out, I will
 “cover the Heavens, and make the Stars dark;
 “the Moon shall be confounded, and the Sun a-
 “shamed; I will shake the Firmament, and the
 “Earth shall be moved out of her Place; Hell from
 “beneath shall be moved for Thee, to meet thy
 “coming; It shall stir up the Dead, the chief ones
 “of the Earth; and raise from their Thrones all
 “the Kings of the Nations, The whole Creation
 “shall groan! Thy Stars shall fall down round a-
 “bout Thee, and be stamped on the Earth.

The Words of “THE Lord maketh his Arm bare,
Command. “he hath opened his Armoury, and
 “brought forth the Weapons of his Indignation;
 “his glittering Spear, and his Shield, and his Cha-
 “riots, from between two Mountains, two Moun-
 “tains of Brass. The Pestilence goeth before Him,
 “and behind Him a flaming Fire. He cometh up
 “like a Lion from the swelling of *Jordan*; In the
 “Glory of his Majesty He ariseth to shake terribly
 “the Earth. The Lord mustereth the Host to Battle.
 “Lift ye up a Banner on the High Mountain! Exalt
 “the

“ the Voice! Shake the Hand! Harness the Hor-
 “ ses! Get up the Horsemen! Stand forth with the
 “ Helmet! Put on the Brigandines! Prepare Thee!
 “ Stand fast! Go up O *Elam*! Besiege O *Media*!
 “ Ye Kingdoms of *Ararat*! *Minni*! and *Asbche-*
 “ *nax*! Ye are my Battle Axe. Come up ye Hor-
 “ ses! and rage ye Chariots! and let the Mighty
 “ Men come forth. Make bright the Arrows! and
 “ gather the Shields! Arise ye Princes! and anoint
 “ the Buckler! Set up a Standard on the Walls!
 “ Make the Watch Strong! Prepare the Ambush!
 “ Cast up a Bank! Call the Archers! Spare no Ar-
 “ rows! Set the Engines of War against her Wall!
 “ With Axes break down her Towers! Burst her
 “ Bars! her Pillars of Iron, and her Walls of Brass!
 “ A Sword! a Sword is sharpened! Ah! It is made
 “ bright! It is wrap’d up for the Slaughter. Their
 “ Horses Hoofs are like Flint; and their Wheels
 “ like a Whirlwind. Their Arrows are sharp,
 “ their Bows bent; the Quiver rattles against Thee.
 “ The Valleys are full of Chariots, the Horsemen
 “ set themselves in Array at the Entering of the
 “ Gates. The snorting of the Horses is heard from
 “ *Media*; the whole Land trembles at the Neigh-
 “ ing of the Strong. Nations lift up a Shout a-
 “ gainst Her, They set their Thrones before Her
 “ Gates. They roar like a Lion, like a young
 “ Lion; They roar like the Roaring of the Sea.
 “ No Man shall spare his Brother. Cursed is He
 “ who keepeth back his Sword from Blood.

“ Lo! the Shield of the Mighty is made red; the Valiant are in Scarlet. *The Execution:*

“ The Chariots are with flaming Torches; The
 “ Fir Trees are terribly shaken. They rage in the
 “ Streets, they jostle one another in the broad Ways,
 “ They run like Lightnings, the Prancing Horses!
 “ and jumping Chariots! The Horse is struck with
 “ Astonishment; and the Rider with Madness. A

“ Day

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“ Day of Wrath, and Distress ; of Desolation, and
 “ Darkness ; of the Trumpet, and Alarm ! All
 “ Hands are faint ; and every Heart melts. Their
 “ Children are dash’d to pieces before their Eyes ;
 “ their Houses spoil’d ; their Wives ravish’d ; their
 “ Women with Child are rip’d up. The Blood of
 “ the Souls of the Innocents is upon them. Watch-
 “ man ! What of the Night ! Watchman ! What of
 “ the Night ; Enquire ! Return ! Come ! One Post
 “ runs to meet another, and one Messenger to meet
 “ another to tell the King of *Babylon* that his City is
 “ taken at one End ; That the Passages are stop’d,
 “ the Reeds burnt with Fire, the Men of War af-
 “ frightened. They scale the Wall, they climb the
 “ Houses, Death comes in at his Windows, like a
 “ Thief. The Gates of the Rivers are opened ;
 “ the Palace is dissolved. Pangs take hold on them,
 “ as on a Women in Travail. They are amazed ;
 “ Their Faces are as Flames. They are fed with
 “ their own Flesh ; and Drunken with their own
 “ Blood ; as with sweet Wine. Howl O Gate ! Cry
 “ O City ! *Bell* boweth down ! *Nebo* stoopeth ! *Me-*
 “ *rodack* is confounded ! They stoop, they bow
 “ down together. Thou saidst, I shall sit a Lady
 “ for ever, I shall not be a Widow. Lo ! Thy
 “ Sons have fainted, they lie at the Heads of all
 “ the Streets, like a wild Bull in a Net : They are
 “ full of the Fury of the Lord. The Sword de-
 “ vours, it is satiate, it is drunk with Blood. At
 “ the Stamping of the Hoofs of the strong Horses,
 “ at the Rushing of the Chariots, and the Rumbling
 “ of the Wheels, the *Fathers* look not back for
 “ their *Children*. The Mighty stumbleth against
 “ the Mighty, and both fall together. They roar
 “ as Lions, and yell as Lion’s Whelps. Her broad
 “ Walls are utterly broken, her high Gates are
 “ burned with Fire : In Fire her People labour ;
 “ and labour in vain ! Her Mighty Men are taken,
 “ their Bows are broken ; I have made her Princes,
 “ her

“ her Wife, and her Mighty drunk with the Cup
“ of Trembling. They sleep a perpetual Sleep.
“ O Thou Sword of the Lord! How long will it
“ be before Thou art Quiet? Put up thy self in the
“ Scabbard; Rest, and be still.

“ My Sword is filled with Blood; It is *The Reflection*
“ Fat; It is bathed in Heaven. With
“ the Sole of my Feet have I dried up all the Wa-
“ ters of besieged Places. How the Hammer of
“ the whole Earth is broken? *Babylon is Fallen!*
“ is Fallen! She that was great among the Nations,
“ and Princess among the Provinces! The Glory of
“ Dominion! The Beauty of the *Chaldee's* Excellen-
“ cy! The Golden City, that went out by Thou-
“ sands! The Crown of Pride! Alas! alas! That
“ mighty City, That was cloathed with fine Lin-
“ nen, Purple, and Scarlet; and decked with Gold,
“ Precious Stones, and Pearls! She who was cal-
“ led the Lady of Kingdoms; That Crowning City,
“ whose Merchants were Princes, and her Traffick-
“ ers the Honourable of the Earth. That was as a
“ Golden Cup in the Hand of the Lord, with which
“ He made drunk the Princes of the Earth, and the
“ Nations Mad. Thy Pomp, and the Sound of
“ thy Viol is brought down to the Grave; the
“ Worms are spread over Thee. Thou art become
“ an Astonishment, and all that pass by Hiss at
“ Thee. Thy Pile is deep, and large, of Fire,
“ and much Wood, and the Breath of the Lord like
“ a Stream of Brimstone hath kindled it: The Breath
“ of the Lord, whose Fire is in *Zion*, and his Fur-
“ nace in *Jerusalem*. Thy *Tophet* shall not be quenched,
“ Night nor Day, the Smoak of it shall go
“ up for ever, and for ever. Wild Beasts of the
“ Islands shall cry in thy desolate Houses, and dole-
“ ful Creatures in thy pleasant Palaces; Satyrs shall
“ dance there, they shall cry to their Fellows. It
“ shall be an Habitation of Dragons, and the Court.

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“ of Owls. A Wolf of the Evening shall spoil
 “ Thee ; and a Leopard shall watch over thy City.

“ T H Y King spake, and said ; Is this not
 “ great *Babylon* which I have built, for the House
 “ of the Kingdom, by the Might of my Power,
 “ and for the Honour of my Majesty ? I will ascend
 “ into Heaven ; I will exalt my Throne above the
 “ Stars of God ; I will be like the most High.
 “ How art Thou fallen from Heaven O *Lucifer* !
 “ Son of the Morning ! Is this he that weakened
 “ the Nations, destroyed Cities, held Princes Prison-
 “ ers, shook Kingdoms, made the Earth tremble,
 “ and the World a Wilderness ?

The Consequence. “ T H O U art cast out of thy very
 “ Grave. Thy Bones shall be spread be-
 “ fore the Sun, and the Moon, the Queen of Hea-
 “ ven, which Thou lovedst ; and before all the Host
 “ of Heaven which Thou worshipedst. Thy Name,
 “ Remnant, Son, and Nephew, are cut off. Thy
 “ Voice shall come out of the Ground, like the
 “ Voice of one that has a Familiar Spirit ; and shall
 “ whisper out of the Dust. Thy Sons are gone
 “ down to Hell with their Weapons of War ;
 “ They have laid their Swords under their Heads ;
 “ but their Iniquity shall be upon their Bones, tho’
 “ they were the Terror of the Mighty in the Land
 “ of the Living.

The Triumph. “ A M I G H T Y Angel took a
 “ Stone, like a great Mill-Stone, and
 “ threw it into the Sea, saying, Thus shall the
 “ Great *Babylon* be thrown down with Violence,
 “ and shall be found no more for ever. O ye Hea-
 “ vens be Astonished at this ! Sing O ye Heavens !
 “ for the Lord hath done it : Let the Morning Stars
 “ sing together ; and all the Sons of God shout for
 “ Joy. Allelujah ! Allelujah ! In a Voice, as of
 “ a

“ a great Multitude, as of many Waters, as of
 “ Mighty Thunderings, Allelujah! Amen, Alle-
 “ lujah! The Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth*.

LET no Man imagine (as some seem to do) that the *Excellency of his Understanding* hinders him from believing a *Revelation*, if He finds not something beyond all *Human Composition*, in This. What Fire, what Rapidity, what Elevation, what Enthusiasm, what Picture, what Propriety, what Opulence, what Fancy, what Energy, what † *non imitabile Fulmen*, is Here? How Arouzing, how Divine, but how *Terrifying* too, is This? And its sacred Inspirer forbid, that the *Ambitious* should read it for their *Pleasure* only. The fall of Ambition is not only Possible, but Probable; nay, the Wisest of Men says, *He that exalteth his Gate seeketh his Fall*. And an Author of great Name, when he is prescribing Rules for the Ambitious, says, That the best Rule that can be given them, is, to prepare for a Change of Fortune. *Nebuchadnezzar, Julius, Sejanus, Woolsey*, are only leading Instances of fallen Stars; countless Multitudes have been involv'd in the like Calamity, from the same Cause, and fill up the Terror of those notorious Warnings to the Pride of Man.

ON what did *Nebuchadnezzar*, on what does any of his Successors in Ambition set their Hearts? On

* Though a shorter Quotation would have satisfied my present Purpose, yet since I design'd *This*, likewise, as a Specimen of a Work that endeavours to shew, in a manner yet unattempted, the Genius, and Eloquence, of the *Psalms, Prophets, and Job*, superior to That of all other Authors, I hope the length will be excused. *Prejudice* on one Hand, and *implicite Admiration, and Extasy* on the Other, have left Room, and Occasion of farther adjusting the Degree of Estimation due to these Compositions, as Compositions; some Parts of which have reached such a Height of Perfection, that Human Nature has not Ideas to carry her to a Conception of any thing beyond it. Two Instances of this Truth among many, are I think, the six last Chapters of *Job*, and *Psalms* the 104th.

† Virg.

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Little

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Little Things. Let any one remove his Eye from the most Magnificent Parade, or Triumph, to the Expanse of Heaven; and instantly, what was Great is Little, what was Publick is Private. The Trumpet, the Plume, all that can enter at *Sense* on the Face of the Earth, seems Annihilated; and to dwell on it, seems creeping into a By-Path, a *digression* from the Grandeur of our Nature, and the true Majesty of Life. Let not this be thought extravagant, it is strictly just. And perhaps the best Reason why a great Part of the Creation which seems of little or no Influence to our Well-being, is notwithstanding within the Compass of our Observation, is, That it should lift the Thought, expand the Soul, disparage the Littleness of Things below, and inflame us with Reflections of a similar Nature to this.

BUT to come close to the Point. What does the Ambitious Man aim at? At Dominion, Principality, and Power; at governing Nations, and making his Name great in the Earth. And who but the Pusillanimous, and Base, shall censure him for *this*? Whatever his Errors are, does he not shew, at least, a *Grandeur of Deportment*, and a *Magnanimity of Heart*? Neither, but altogether the Reverse.

FOR, first, As to *Magnanimity*. There is a Meanness of Spirit in passionately desiring those Things, the *Contempt* of which requires a greater Effort of Mind, (that is a greater Magnanimity,) and bestows a fuller Happiness, than the *Possession* of them. *Magnanimity* is a Resolution able to comply with the Dictates of Reason when most difficult; if therefore Ambition is unreasonable, (as I have shewn) it must be Pusillanimous, I will not therefore call the Ambitious an *Unhappy*, or a *Guilty*, (as I might) but what will touch him nearer, I will call him a *little* Man; and if That does touch him nearer, It will be

a new Argument to prove that I call him *so* with the greatest Truth.

AS to the Second, *The Grandeur of his Deportment*. That is, his Distance from Subjection, and Servility. What then if it should appear that no Man is so much a Slave? Dominion over Others is indeed his Aim; but by that very Aim he most effectually subjects himself to them. Every one that can retard, or promote his Purposes, has an Awe over him; Is the Object of his anxious Application, and servile Fear; Disciplines his Deportment, and pains his Mind. *Not to expect* is the only Means to be Free, and he is all Expectation, that is, all Slavery; *while Dominion*, nay *because* Dominion is his only Aim. And thus it fares with all irregular Pursuits of Happiness; They contradict the Purpose of God, and therefore must counter-act themselves; for God will not be controuled. He has assigned *other* means of Happiness, and to convince us of it most strongly, they that make not use of *his* Means, but their *own* to that end, shall not only fail of it, but their Endeavours shall be their Hindrance, shall work them backwards, and set them at a greater Distance from it. Thus the *Voluptuary* just mentioned, while he too warmly pursues the *Objects*, most effectually blunts the *Powers* of Appetite. The *Covetous*, while He inordinately desires to become Rich, though he succeeds in all his Attempts, he fails of his End; nay fails of it *by* that Success; God to chastise, and as it were, to insult him too, gives him the *Thing*, but withholds the Enjoyment; nay commands *Abundance* to make him *Poor*. Thus, and thus only can that miraculous Conduct of the Covetous be accounted for, of whom,

THIRDLY, I am about to speak. The Covetous strongly exposes Human Nature by shewing us an Instance in *one* Person, how much She *desires*, and
how

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how little She *wants*. For who subsists on so Little; who grasps at so much? He mistakes the *Means* for the *End*; *Money* for *Enjoyment*; Nay the means, in his Hands, makes *against* his End, and the *Power* of *Enjoying* is an *Inducement* to *Self-denial*: The Gold that comes into his Possession but *changes* its *Mine*, and is farther from the Light than ever. His *Impiety*, and his *Folly* are equally gross. As to the *First*, He is often in Scripture called an Idolater, because he *Worships* his *Wealth*: As to the *Second*, That his Idol, like other Idols of Old, requires severer Service of him than the *true* God; more rigid Austerities than Religion enjoins; His Toils, his Self-denials, his fervent Devotion to *Gain*, is Greater than That which might carry him to *Heaven*. Covetousness is nothing but the Painful *art* of making Industry Sinful, Wealth Indigent, Influence Dishonourable, Life Sordid, Death Terrible, and Heirs Ungrateful without any manner of Guilt.

BUT to set it in the clearest and shortest Light; What is *Wealth*? a *Security* put into our Hands, That the Enjoyments of this World shall be delivered to us whenever we please, on *that* Title. Now if that Title rather denies, than gives us those Enjoyments, It loses its Nature; It is no longer a *Title* indulged to our Necessities, but it is a *Warrant* served on our Folly, to deliver us over to Wretchedness, to Shame, and to Want. So that the Miser has no *Wealth*.

NOTHING is so strange as Man's inextinguishable Thirst for *More*; Nay, he pants after That which he *has*. For I affirm that infinite Numbers have *sufficient* Means of Happiness already in their Hands, and *sufficient* Means is what they are reaching after; For who needs more? But Men *know not* what they possess. How few have made an Inventory of their own Blessings? How few know what they do *not* want? Hence, *Know thy*

thy self was said to come from Heaven: For, without it, no Man can be Content. Our Pains are from our *Desires*, not from our *Wants*. For which most material Truth I shall mention Two Arguments.

F I R S T, If we Examine, we shall often find, that after burning with some vehement Desire, we are quieted by *Despair*, as *much*, and perhaps, *more happily*, than we should have been by *Success*.

S E C O N D, Let some great Pain seize us in our most rapid Pursuit after what we imagine Essential to our Peace, and the ceasing of that *superior Pain* will give us a *momentary* Conviction, that we were *really*, then, Happy, when we *thought* our selves Miserable. But Folly soon reclaims us as her own.

I F we could lay aside but Two Things, First, Our *own Imagination*, which makes us think Things necessary which are not; Secondly, Our Deference for the *Opinion of the World*, which makes us Incapable of being Happy, unless we are *Thought* so, the Majority of Mankind would be much Happier than they, at present, imagine; They would grow Rich *extempore*, and be more indebted to the Removal of an Error in Judgment, than to any *possible* Success they could have in their Pursuits of Wealth. Our Error in the present Case (as in most Others) proceeds from *partial Views*, from not taking in the *Whole*. We look only on those *Above us*, which strains our Hearts in Pursuit, and puts all our Faculties painfully on the Stretch: Whereas if we looked on those *below us* too; It would abate our Ferment, Remit our painful Intention, and inspire quite *new* Sentiments of our own State. Now on our Sentiments (which Few observe) our Happiness depends. It lies in Thoughts, and not in Things. Things are *opaque Bodies*, which have no Light of their own, and are only capable of reflecting to Advantage the
Gayety

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Gayety beaming on them from our own Hearts. Hence, the very Unhappy fly Publick, and pompous Scenes of Life; because, while gay to *others*, they are dark to *them*, and therefore, more provokingly so, than *Retreat*. It is not the Man's Business, who desires Happiness, to increase his *Riches*, but to give his *Understanding* so just a Judgment of Things, and his *Affections* so rational a Temper, that He could *not* be more Happy, though he *were* more Rich. Nay some have parted with their Riches for the sake of Happiness. But, *in this*, the Faith of Annals, in the Miser's Opinion, will labour very much.

THE Foundation of Error in this Point, is, all our Pains, and Pleasures, are from *Sense*, or *Imagination*, and not from *Reason*. Now Content is an *Art*; I have *Learned* to be Content, says the Apostle. Neither Nature, nor Chance, nor Circumstances can give it. The whole Body of Pagan, and Christian Ethicks are the Rules of this Art. Now the Miser professes an Art directly the Reverse of it. He is Wise, (which is another Word for *Happy* in this Case,) who can say I have not much, but no Man has More, for I have all I want, *Socrates* said with Wit, but with Judgment too, "He that needs *Least*, is most like the Gods, who need *Nothing*."

FOURTHLY, I am to speak of the *Vain*. This is the most distinguished Son of Folly, and has the most airy Happiness of them all. His Brothers beforementioned, though themselves to be laughed at, laugh at Him. He seeks his Felicity entirely in the Opinions of *others*, and but rarely finds it there; for the World, by his very Name, has pronounced against him; from the Emptiness of his Pursuit, and the Thinness of his Enjoyment, is he called *Vain*. The Former *Wish* at least for something Substantial, but His very *Wish* is a *Reproach*.

AS

A S the too Modest is pained by being *in* the Publick Eye, He is pained by being *out* of it. What a vast Expence is He at to buy Spectators? For to what other End is his splendid Person, and Equipage, his large Parks, Palaces, Rivers, and Cascades? How Expensive? and how Useless? *Sense* is too Narrow, it wants Compass to take them in; Less Things would gratify *That* more. The *Understanding* condemns them; Childest *Imagination* only approves, and that too but for a Moment; What are these Pageantries, but *Larger Toys* with which it Plays awhile, and then grows weary of them? What are they, but huge Monuments of Mistake, Subjects for Popular Talk, and an Immense Tax paid for *Rumour*, for sure it cannot be called *Fame*?

H O W he Gazes on, and Touches, and Retouches, and as it were solicits his shining Ornaments to give him some extraordinary Sensation, somewhat adequate to the Desire he indulged *for*, or the Expectation he entertained *from* them; but in Vain. They were much more Powerful in *Idea*, than they are in *Fact*. It is falling in Love with our own Mistaken Ideas that makes Fools, and Beggars of half Mankind.

T H E *Vain* is a Beggar of Admiration. Begging is an un reputable Profession; but as we are dependent Beings, we must all be Beggars in some Degree. The Scandal therefore of this Practice depends on two Things, the Character of the Person *from whom*, and the Value of the Things *which* we beg. Now the Vain begs from all, even the *most Ignoble*; and He begs *Nothing*; I mean, what turns to no Account. He is more Noble that asks *Bread*, than He who asks a Bow, or the Glance of an Eye; for *that* is more worth,

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IN what does this Man lay out the Faculties of an Immortal Soul? That Time, on which depends Eternity? That Estate, which well disposed of, might in some Measure, purchase Heaven? What is his serious Labour, subtle Machination, ardent Desire, and reigning Ambition?—*to be seen.* This Ridiculous, but *true* Answer, renders all grave Censure almost Superfluous. If the World was filled with such as These, all Arts, and Engines of Discipline, and of Death, for Chastisement of Offence, might seem needless; let the Law they violate, or the Power they offend, but condemn them to *Retreat.*

BUT to come close to the Point. What is it the *Vain* would have? He would be Admired; He begs an *alms* of Admiration from every Passer-by, and his Happiness *starves* without it. Now what does this Desire imply? It implies that he cannot be Happy without their Leave. Thus is He by *choice* the most Precarious Creature on Earth. The most precarious Creature is the most wretched, and, therefore, the most Precarious by *choice* is the most Foolish too; If any will deny that the most Precarious Being is most wretched, let them consider that the Reverse, the least Precarious Being, is the most Happy, for That is God: And the farther we are removed from Independency and Self-sufficiency, the farther are we removed from that Standard of Wisdom, and Happiness.

I SHALL dismiss the *Vain* with one Observation more. We ought *particularly* to guard against this Folly, for a Reason very *particular* too. Other Vices are promoted by Vices, but this often Nourished by *Virtue* itself.

THUS have I, I think, proved, That the *Voluntuous* is the greatest *Self-denier*; That the *Ambitious*

is the greatest *Slave*; That the *Covetous* has no *Wealth*; and That the *Vain*, whose *Idol* is *Admiration*, is the greatest *Object of Contempt*.

THE Considerations which have been alledged to the Discredit of Human Happiness have been, *hitherto*, drawn from General Topicks; *One* remains, That is *too Peculiar*. We have lately lost our King; That sad Occasion first suggested *This Subject* to me, which now, It supports with an unwelcome Argument; for when our Sovereign fell, Nature her self emphatically proclaimed "That all below is Vain". Too powerful a Supplement to this Discourse!

WHO, then, art Thou who settest thine Affections on Things below? Art Thou Greater than the Deceased? Dost Thou value thy self on thy *Birth*? The most Highly-descended is no more. Dost Thou value thy self on thy *Riches*? The King of *Britain* is no more. Dost Thou value thy self on thy *Power*? The Master of the Seas, the Arbiter of *Europe* is no more. Dost Thou Glory in thy Constancy, Humanity, Affection to thy Friend, or *Encouragement of Arts*? — But I forbear. It is *Ambition* to be *Grateful*, when Princes bestow.

HOW lately were the Eyes of all *Europe* thrown on this Great Man? For *Man* let me call him, now, nor contradict the Declaration which his Mortality has made. They that find Him, now, must seek for Him; and seek for Him in the *Dust*. What on Earth but must tell us this World is vain, if Thrones declare it? If Kings, if *British* Kings are Demonstrations of it? O Majesty! Thy *Serene Evening* indeed is, closed; but, Then, Thou shinest on us in thy *Meridian* Glory.

I SHALL offer one Observation on the Death of Princes, which is full to my present Purpose. A
I 2 Throne

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Throne is the shining Period, the golden Termination of the Worldly Man's Prospect; *his* Passions affect, *his* Understanding conceives; nothing beyond it, or the Favours it can bestow. The Sun, the Expanse of Heaven, or what lies higher, have no Lustre in *his* Sight, no Room in his pre-engaged Imagination, it is all a superfluous Waste. When therefore his Monarch dies, He is left in Darkness, *his* Sun is set, it is the Night of Ambition with him. Which naturally damps him into Reflection, and fills that Reflection with awful Thoughts.

WITH Reverence, then, be it spoken, what can God, in his Ordinary Means, do more, to turn his Affections into their right Channel, and send them forward to their proper End; Providence, by his King's decease, takes away the very Ground on which his Delusion rose; It sinks before him; his *Error* is supplanted, nor has his *Folly* whereon to stand; but must return, like the Dove in the Deluge, to his own Bosom again.

BY *This*, is he convinced that his ultimate Point of View is not only Vain in its Nature, but Vain in Fact; It not only *may*, but *has* actually failed. What, then, is He under a Necessity of doing, this Boundary of his Sight removed? Either he must look forward, (and what is beyond it, but God?) Or, he must close his Eyes in wilful Darkness, and still repose his Trust in Things which he has *experienced* to be Vain. Such Accidents, therefore, however Fatal to his *Secular*, are the Mercy of God, as to his *Eternal* Interest; and say with my Text, *Set your Affections on Things above, and not on Things on the Earth.*

LET us, now, from the Throne look back, (as from an Eminence,) on the former part of our *Journey*; We have passed the several *Orders, Ages, Aims, Relations,*

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Relations, Constitutions, Tempers, Passions, with the four great *Impulses* of Mankind, and have found but one Report through these several Stages of our Course; The various Witnesses concur, and bring in a full Verdict against the Happiness of Human Life. They declare that all Mankind is united by Misery, in some Degree, as by (what is less Melancholy) the *Grave*, to which it leads.

AND can this World enchant us still? And can we be born for *This*? Is This a *Scene* for Reason, that Emanation of Divinity to doat on? Is this the Fortune, this the Dower to which we should wed an *Immortal Soul*? Where then is the Difference between Reason, and *Absurdity*? Between *Immortality*, and the *Beasts* that *perish*? Be this their Heaven, (as properly it is,) but not their Lord's, but not Man's.

I SHALL close this Discourse with a Picture of *Life* in *Miniature*, that your Memories may carry it the better: A Picture more Melancholy, than That of this Globe e'er well clear of the *Chaos*; or labouring, afterwards, under all the Wrongs, and Disgraces, that an Universal *Deluge* could inflict.

BEHOLD a World! Where the *Thoughts* with Inhabitants are not differenced by Happiness, and Misery; but only by the *Mind*. different *Degrees*, and various *Colours* of Misery Universal: Where, the *Memory* is clouded with black Ideas of the Past; the *Imagination* over-looks the Present; and the *Understanding*, through Mercy, is blinded to the Future: Where, every *Passion* may be called *Legion*, for its Evils are many. Where, Men almost universally lay aside *Intellectual* Pleasures; are most ardent Desirers of Happiness, and yet subside it on the most impotent Half of their Natures. Where, Anxiety of Thought damps sensual Pleasure, and sensual Pleasure increases Anxiety of

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of Thought, and impairs our Strength to support it, too. *Where*, the Soul and Body are in perpetual Hostilities, aggrieving each other, and external Accidents seem superfluous to our Misery; Thus the poor Man, like devoted *Jerusalem*, besieged without, and divided within, is a Complication of Infelicity.

To Externals. *WHERE*, *Success* must be procur'd by our infinite Care, and *Ruin* follows on the Contrary; so that all the sad Choice indulg'd to Mankind, is, of infinite Care, or Destruction. Besides, the more we have of Credit, Wealth, or Power, the more we *may* lose; nor is any Man entirely free from the Apprehensions of it; so that our Possessions *imply*, and *provide* for our Misery. *Where*, an Independent Pleasure is very *Severe*: a Dependent, very *Frail*. *Where*, *Pleasure* often exacts such Hardships from her Votary, that *Austerity* cannot improve upon them. *Where*, nothing Pleases but in Prospect, and to please in Prospect only, is not to disappoint alone, but to *deride* us, too. *Where*, what *Exalts* the Spirits shortens Life by that Expence, and what *Depresses*, makes the shortest Life too long. *Where*, Days are long, yet Life is Short. *Where*, we stand as in a Battle, Thousands daily falling round us, and yet we forget our own Mortality; nay, are hardened into an Insensibility of it, by these very Proofs of its Approach; and start, like *David*, when we hear, "Thou art the Man". *Where* *Experience*, which is *truly* the Greatest Blessing of Life, is the severest Discipline of it, too; and *Diversion*, which is *supposed* a Blessing, only signifies that to our selves we are insupportable. *Where*, *Sorrow* is as the Stem, or Root of Life; *Joy* but as its Flower, expected at remote Seasons only, Then often blighted, or if it Blooms, in Blooming dies. *Where*, all is Vexatious, or Mixed, or Fugitive. *Where*, Pains assault us, Delusions surround us, and Terrors hang o'er us. *Where*,
we

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we are *Restless* in Pursuit, *Dissatisfied* in Fruition, and *Persecuted* with Remorse. *Where*, we are ever Pursuing, and ever condemning the same Things; ever accusing *Hope* of its broken Faith, and ever Trusting on; ever gasping after sensual Enjoyments, and ever Impairing our Appetite for them. *Where*, Objects, as well as Appetites decay; or if they last, last not to us, through the Fickleness of our Choice. *Where*, we are yearly burying some favourite Amusement, or Pleasure; and They that succeed are less Exquisite, and full as Mortal. *Where*, we spend most of our Days in climbing the Hill of our Fortune, which suspends, by Labour, any serious Thought; and when we have climbed it, and are about to change Toil for Enjoyment, we start to see our Grave so near us on t'other Side. *Where*, Life with most Men is *to come*, till It is *past*.

W H E R E, the grave *Employments* of *To the Profes-*
Mankind are but strenuous Follies; nor *sions, and Na-*
differenced from those of Children, but *ture of Things.*
by their Magnitude, and their Guilt. *Where*, the
several Occupations of Life are but Fortifications
against *Want*, and often frail ones, too. *Where*, a-
mong *Professions* are the Lawyer, and the Soldier,
Professors of Quarrel and Death; Fortune, and Life
their Prey. *Where*, the Infirmities of our *Bodies*
demand, and support one Profession; the Infirmities
of our *Mind*, Another; and the Misadventures of
our *Fortune* constitute an ample Portion in the whole
World of Literature. *Where*, the very *Elements*
wage War against us; and have their Inundation,
Shipwreck, Earthquake, Famine, Pestilence, Vol-
cano's, and Conflagration. *Where* we cannot make
way from our Doors, but through the Cries of *In-*
digence, or *Disease*. *Where*, Hospitals, and Bed-
lams are publick *Necessaries*. *Where*, the very *Ap-*
pellations of a large part of Mankind cannot be
heard without compassion; *Widows!* and *Orphans!*
Where,

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Where, Tears are a Distinction of the whole Species from other Creatures. *Where, Youth* often languishes like a Tempest-beaten Flower, and *Age* shews its Injuries like a blasted Oak.

To History. **WHERE**, *History*, for the most part, is nothing but a large Field of Misfortune, and to dip into almost any Page of it, is, to dip into Blood; Into Blood, Persecutions, Inquisitions, Treasons, Assassinations, Sieges, Servitudes: Or if sometimes a *Triumph* breaks through this general Cloud, as Lightning thro' Night, it vanishes almost as soon; and while it lasts, it is a Proof, and Memorial of Misery; for what is a *Triumph*, but the gay Daughter of Destruction, and Death? *Where, Hardheartedness*, and *Lust*, drinking the Tears of believing Innocence, and *Self-design*, and *Treachery*, turning every Virtue of Others, to its own Interest, and the good Man's Ruin, (which abounds in every Record) makes Peace more Cruel than War. *Where, Happiness* is such a Stranger, that for many Ages it was *Learning* to seek the true Notion of it; and it was *but Sought*; It was not *Found*, but *Revealed* at last. *Where*, the Poms, and *Prancings of the Mighty*, are but the Trappings of Woe. *Where*, the most shining, and *envy'd* Characters have few of them died a Natural Death; but furnish Theme of Tragedy for succeeding Generations: Strange! that the same Persons should be the Objects of our *Envy*, and *Pity* too! Strange too! that we should have Sighs sufficient for more Miseries than our own. *Where*, the most Happy would not repeat their Course; and He was justly censured who wept over his Army as Mortal, because not one of that Numerous Host, but might probably *wish*, before he *found* his End. *Where*, among the many Arguments for a *Future State*, the Misery of *This* has been most strongly, and universally insisted on in all Ages; which demonstrates an acute Sense, and too ample a Con-
viction.

viction of it. *Where*, Crowns have been often *Abdicated*; how often, in our own Annals is the *Palace* changed for the *Cloister*? *Where*, *Self-murder*, at certain Periods, has been a Fashion; nay very extraordinary Methods have been taken to restrain even the tender Sex from this Horror. *Where*, half the Travels that have been undertook, half the Designs that have been enterprized, half the Volumes that have been written, have been Refuges from Uneasiness of Heart; and the *Last* are not more the immortal Monuments of human Wit, than of human Infelicity. *Where*, Happiness is an *Art*, and Content is an *Art*; what Libraries have been written to teach it? Whatever Success they have in teaching *That*, they certainly teach us *This*, that Unhappiness, and Discontent are *Natural*.

W H E R E, a *Smile* is often an Ambush, as it was on the Face of *Domitian*,
on which it seldom shone, but when Rancour gathered at his Heart. *Where*, Enmity is Sincere, Friendship often a Name; and it is *Ruin* to trust those, whom not to trust is almost a *Crime*, as a Relation, a Friend, a Brother! *Where*, many fall from Credit, Fortune, Life, with *Cesar's* Exclamation, "*And This from Thee?*" *Where*, provoking our Foes has not ruined half so many, as Confiding in those of a contrary Character. He needs no Foe, who is entirely at the Mercy of his Friends. *Where*, more Hearts pine away in secret Anguish for Unkindness from those who should be their Comforters, than for any other Calamity in Life. *Where*, Bills of Mortality would scarce be mournful, if Bills of private Calamity were in use. Who has not seen, who has not foreseen, nay who almost, has not felt, a Bleeding Heart? *Where*, Evil Arts usurp the Name, and Port of *Wisdom*, though scarce worthy to be called *Cunning*. Now *Cunning* is but the Top of a *Fool's* Character, and *Wisdom* it self is but

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the

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the Bottom, or inferior Part of the Character of an
Honest Man. Nulla Bona, nisi Honesti.

*To Family-As-
sition.*

W H E R E the Honest, Confiding Heart takes a Virgin Flower into his Bosom, and often finds a Sting under it. *Where*, the fond Mother, *To-Day*, looks with Transport on the Reward of her long Labour, and painful Travail, which changes perhaps, *To-Morrow*, the Cradle for the Grave. *Where*, the feeble Father follows a favourite, an only Daughter, the Delight of his Eye! the Rest of his Age! to her long Home, which He perhaps has wished for himself in vain; and sheds those Tears on her Ashes, which should express his Joy for the happy Disposal of her in Life: Or perhaps the Case is still worse, He sees her Youth, and Beauty, and Innocence fallen into Arms, to him more Dreadful than those of Death. *Where*, the Son of some great House, its Hope, Joy, and Support, the sole Heir, of Riches, Titles, and golden Schemes, falls immaturally, grasped by Death, as the Pillars were by *Sampson*; and the whole Structure is sorely shaken, if it does not follow on his Fall. *Where*, many a numerous Family lives, in Innocence, Peace, Plenty, Reputation, under the Wing of an indulgent, prudent, and industrious Father; the Father dies, they are scattered, like a Sheaf of Corn when the Band is broke, and become the Prey of Guilt, Want, Anxiety, and Shame. *Where*, the Comforts of Life have their Pangs; their Jars, Jealousies, Interruptions, Decays, Extinction. *Where*, Grudge, Animosity, and Revenge wound deep; but deeper (when They wound) Relation, Friendship, Love; for Love has its Barbarities, and frequently may be mistaken for Hatred by its Effects. There are sometimes malignant Tempers in Families; such *Domestick* Maladies are like Ulcers in the Vitals; Extremities cannot cure them, they cannot be cut off.

W H E R E,

WHERE, the Night is an Idle Dream, and the Day little better. *Where,* Mixt Thoughts. every one is *Witness*, or *Patient* of Affliction; ever telling sad Tales of Others, till he becomes a Tale Himself; the Tale of a Day! and then is utterly forgotten. He *Liv'd and Dy'd*, is an Epitaph for much the greatest part of Mankind. *Where,* He that has reached his Meridian is one of a Thousand, his Friends and Relations lie dead around him; half of his Conversation is gathered from the Tomb. What are the Gay, Young, Beautiful, Brave, Learned, Wise, Good, in which He once perhaps was Rich, what are They? a Tear! a Sigh! *Where,* Youth has the Pain of *getting*, Age of *leaving* its Riches; *Affection* being rarely strong enough in us to make the parting with them Agreeable. *Where,* *Fears*, and *Pangs*, only give a Relish of the Contrary; and our Pleasure generally as it rises *from*, so it ends *in* them, too. *Where,* the Pain of *Impatience* turns us over to the Pain of *Satiety*, scarce divided by the *Moment* of Delight. *Where,* Pain is oftner sunk by *new* Pain, than healed by supervening Pleasure? *Where,* Real Evils are *Frequent*; Imaginary, *Perpetual*; And the happiest Thanks some Other's Wretchedness, for putting him in mind, that He is not the most wretched Himself. *Where,* I *was* Happy, a few may possibly say, I *shall* be happy, Most say, I *am* Happy, None: Now if None are Happy on the Present, it is a Demonstration that Happiness is absent from us All. The *Present* is All that our Parent Nature, properly, gives us; and That like peevish Children, we will not taste: Thus between the Law of our Condition, and the Perverseness of our Temper, we have nothing at all; we are very Poor, Subsisting, or rather Starving our thin Happiness on Dreams, and Shadows of Good to come; perhaps, never to come; certainly, never to come proportionate to our Conceptions of them. *Where,* Man snatches such Quick, and Terrible Re-

sentment from the smallest Occasion, that it resembles the Discharge of Ordnance at the Touch of a Reed. *Where*, to have any Chance for Happiness a Man must *Possess* the World, or *Despise* it; Now the Contempt of it, in Him that possesses it not, is a Cheat, He does *not* heartily condemn it; He mistakes his Ill-will for Contempt; and what is as Unfortunate, he that possesses it, *does* condemn it; but not from Wisdom, but Weakness, which has not the Skill to relish its Enjoyments, as they deserve. *Where*, proud Honour stands in the Place of meek Religion, Honour that disdains Compulsion, and that, consequently, must stand, or fall, with Inclination, and Humour; He, therefore, that relies on Honour, relies on Humour; and he that relies on Humour, is a Fool, and must be a Wretch in the End. *Where*, the two Points the World's wise Man aims at, are, First to get the Better of *Natural Instinct*, so as not to be betray'd by it into any Humanities, in which he does not find his own immediate Account: Secondly, to surmount the *Prejudices, and Timorousness of Education*, to throw the Virtues, and Vices into one Heap, *like a Man*; Thence, to be drawn out, *indifferently*, as Interest directs; Interest, which is his *God*, and his *Bible*, the Custom of the World. *Where*, many Men suppose you a Knave, or conclude you a Fool; and call you so by their Professions of disinterested Friendship; by which they only mean to steal your Affections, and the good Effects of them. *Where*, Compassion, with some, passes for Weakness, and you must suppress your Sighs, as in the Theatre, not to be laughed at; he is looked on as an *Idiot*, who is not above being a *Man*. *Where*, Men seek not the *Means* of Serving, but an *excuse* for not serving Others; and *Words* change their Nature, and do not *reveal*, but cover the Mind; the *Passions* themselves, those Betrayers of Truth, are taught to *act a Part*; the very *Eye* can lye, and that *Natural Window* of the

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the Soul, has a Skreen before it, that you may not see through; he only, who discovers his *own Interest*, gives you a Key to his Heart: In a word, *Where*, the honest Man (who alone is worthy of Good) if he judges of Men by himself, is Undone. *This* may be called Satire, but, by the same Rule, the Scripture is so too. *Where*, to dissemble Injuries, is the greatest Shock to Nature, and Shame to Honour, yet, at the same time, the greatest *Art of Life*. *Where*, He that has not learned the World must go out of it, or be a *Jest*, and an *Unfortunate* in it; he that has learned it, has learned it with Discipline, and by that time, he is well Master of the *Game*, his *Candle is put out*. It is Hard to learn the World, but harder to Unlearn it; and not to Unlearn it, will, one Day, prove *more Fatal*. *Where*, we will not believe *Yesterday*, but hope favourably of *To-Morrow*; as if then there would be a *New Sun*, a *New Nature*, a *New Self*; They *pray* for That, who almost *curse* its Fellow. *Where*, Sorrow is Fruitless, and *Laughter is Mad*. *Where*, at the several *Tides* of Good Fortune, the *Head* tells the *Heart*, well, now, we are *Happy*, which the Heart scarce believes, or believes it *implicitly*: Whenever we say to our selves let us sit down, and enjoy Life, we discover the Cheat, like one deluded by *Perspective*, by bringing it to the Touch. *Nothing* will do; Business, considering *Passion*, and *Accident*, is a Toil certainly; Idleness is worse; and Books are a weak Resource; A Man should no more Read, than Eat, without an Appetite; If he does, the Book will be near as much Amused, and Edified by the Man, as he by the Book. *Where*, Multitudes, (strange! and ridiculous! but for the Horror of it) complain they have nothing to do, when every *Step* is a Step toward a *Grave*, every *Minute* an Approach to an *Eternity*: Besides, if Men well knew the Business of *this* World, and would acquit themselves like Masters in it, *Want* of Time would
be

